

The Daily Mirror.

No. 56.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1904.

One Penny.

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Advertisements on Pages 15 and 16.

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AND THE

"DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK.

In the course of his exceedingly interesting work, "From Paris to New York by Land," Mr. Harry de Windt, the well-known explorer, pays a remarkable tribute to the value of the "Daily Mail" Year Book, which accompanied him on his Expedition.

Mr. DE WINDT says:—

"Before the start (from Verkhoyansk) a pathetic little incident occurred, which is indelibly photographed on my memory.

"My small supply of reading matter comprised a 'Daily Mail' Year Book, and although very loth to part with this, I had not the heart to take it away from a young exile who had become engrossed in its contents. For the work contained matters of interest which are usually blacked out by the censor. 'I shall learn it all off, Mr. de Windt,' said the poor fellow, as the Chief of Police for a moment looked away."

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is just the thing you require to keep
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POSITIVELY STOPS

a cold, if taken in time. It is pleasant
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To-Day's Weather.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Light variable breezes, chiefly southerly; dull in the south, some rain in the north; becoming milder.

Lighting-up time, 5.7 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel and North Sea, smooth; Irish Channel, rough.

The Daily Mirror.

Thursday, Jan. 7, 1904.

7th Day of Year.

359 days to Dec. 31.

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	1904.	January.	Feb.
Sun.	10	17	24
Mon.	11	18	25
Tues.	12	19	26
Wed.	13	20	27
Thurs.	14	21	28
Fri.	15	22	29
Sat.	16	23	30

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.
Lifting mists gave the King a better day's sport at Chatsworth yesterday. Mr. Balfour betook himself to his beloved golf on the private course.—See page 5.

The King and Queen will go to Windsor next week, and will visit the tomb of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, on the twelfth anniversary of his death.

Eager to try conclusions with any stray Russians they might meet on the way to Japan, 103 British sailors left London yesterday to take two new Japanese cruisers out to the East from Genoa.

Surely Mr. Arthur Chamberlain will now join the ranks of those who demand compensation. He has been deposed from the Deputy-Chairmanship of the Birmingham Bench.

The boy who is charged with tomahawking his employer has told the police a long tale, in which a man with the "black eyes" of the penny dreadful "did the deed."—See page 4.

Replying to a query from a Bristol labourer as to whether working-men will sit on the Fiscal Commission, Mr. Chamberlain says that the results of the investigation will be laid before the working-men of the nation for their approval. He had asked a Labour leader to sit, but was afraid that time would not permit him to do so.

The dumping of "wild" partridges, pheasants, and red deer in Britain has now commenced, partly to satisfy the rapacity of American millionaire sportsmen for huge bags and partly to replace the present breed, which is fast dying out.

Three weeks in gaol have given Mr. Samuel Wiles, of New Malden, tailor and recalcitrant earnest Christians within prison walls in these days.—See page 3.

Poor Government! Yet another of their Acts is giving offence. The Poor Prisoners' Defence Act positively bristles with defects, according to the chairman of the Essex Quarter Sessions.

Compensation for publicans who lose their licences "through no fault of their own," Army Reform, and Fiscal Reform are the chief planks in the platform of Lord Morpeth, the Conservative candidate for Gateshead.

Living in Sussex is apparently healthy for some people. Mr. Charles Green, of Brighton, who has died aged 110, used to count in his life.—See page 5.

Sir Albert William Woods, Garter King of Arms, who is in his eighty-eighth year, is lying dangerously ill at his residence, 69, St. George's-road, S.W.

It is expected that a grand banquet will be held in St. George's Hall, Windsor, on the occasion of the wedding of Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Alexander of Teck.

A full list of the killed and injured in the Chicago fire can now be seen at the London offices of the "Chicago Daily News," Trafalgar-buildings, Trafalgar-square.

The Bishop of Winchester is confined to bed with a slight indisposition, and has cancelled several engagements this week.

A medical man who has been studying lunacy says that we are thwarting nature if we prevent lunatics from killing themselves, the being a provision for the extinction of the "unfit."

It is feared that the greater part of Messrs. Mordey, Carney, and Co.'s great shipbuilding works at Southampton will be destroyed by a fire which broke out shortly before midnight.

John Coleman admitted, to the Thames magistrate yesterday, shooting two women, one of whom has since died, and added that he couldn't think what made him do it, except that one of the women "did" him for £5 10s.

Inventors of patent wings and other flying apparatus should communicate with the Aero Club of the United Kingdom, 110, Piccadilly, which proposes to hold an exhibition at the Agricultural Hall from March 19 to 26.

A repentant or terror-stricken member of an "Assassins' Club," charged with robbery, told the Clerkenwell Sessions Bench yesterday that he would rather suffer imprisonment than obey the orders of the club.—See page 5.

A child tied to a chair slipped down and strangled itself. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of Suicide by accident.

Foreign and Colonial.

There is a widespread tendency to doubt the alleged conciliatory character of Russia's reply to Japan.—See page 3.

The mission to convert the Llama of Tibet from the error of his ways is still crawling forward, and is expected to reach its goal, Gyantse, in a month.

Bulgaria has sent a Note to Turkey, reproaching her for not keeping her word as to helping in the pacification of the country and attempting to compel the people to abandon the Bulgarian Exarch and recognise the Greek Patriarch.

Dowie apparently thinks it wise to bind his followers to him with something more tangible than promises as to the hereafter, and contemplates buying an island with oil springs for the benefit of his faithful.

After a great deal of consideration the ceremony of proclaiming the virtues of Joan of Arc—the preliminary to her beatification—was performed yesterday at the Vatican.

A clean sweep was made in a collision near Willard, Kansas, U.S.A., yesterday, when a whole train was demolished and every passenger either killed or injured.—See page 5.

During mass in the church of San Ildefonso, Madrid, the cornice of a pillar fell to the ground with a crash. Panic seized the congregation, the greater part of which left the church, and the priest had great difficulty in restoring confidence in those that remained.

It is understood that Germany is getting tired of the tariff war, and is willing to revise rates in favour of Canada if she will cancel the surtax on German goods.

The two parties in Uruguay have fought a battle, but they have not yet been able to decide which has conquered. The Press has been forbidden to discuss the matter.

M. Roland Gosselin, the Parisian broker who was bequeathed a large sum by the late Mlle. Maria de la Luz Cousino, a young Brazilian lady residing in the Convent of the Assumption at Passy, has renounced all claims to the bequest.

A list of the pains and penalties to be inflicted on mine owners who fail to treat their imported Asiatic labourers with proper respect has just been published in the Transvaal.

HOPE LESSENS.

Grave Fears of War Expressed Everywhere.

RUSSIA'S REPLY.

St. Petersburg Drops Its Optimist Tone.

Little news and an infinity of rumours—this summarises the mass of telegrams which reach us this morning with reference to the Far Eastern situation.

No further information has been received as to the imminence of the landing of Japanese troops at Masampho, but it is confirmed that the Siberian Rifle Regiment has already marched from Mukden for Korea "to protect Russian interests."

It was, it will be remembered, stated that Russian warships left Vladivostok on Monday. "Korea"—a wide term—was given as the destination, but either Masampho or Chemulpo would probably be the objective.

Masampho, on the south-eastern point of the Korean peninsula, would be nearly three days' steady steam from Vladivostok, so that if the ships started on Monday they would now be on the point of arriving. Chemulpo, on the western side of the Korean peninsula, would be something over 200 miles further. From Saseho, the naval port on the extreme west of Japan, Masampho could be reached in less than a day's steam. We ought not to have long to wait before definite and independent news arrives from Korea.

Two Russian cruisers are stated to be already lying outside Chemulpo.

Pessimism Everywhere.

The gravity of the situation was reflected everywhere yesterday, and in New York the markets were in almost a panic-struck condition. Tokio is gloomy.

Though it is stated from St. Petersburg that Baron Rosen would present yesterday Russia's reply to the last Japanese Note, it had not been received by the Japanese Government at a late hour yesterday, and (says Reuter's Correspondent) the tendency in Tokio is to doubt the reports as to its conciliatory character.

The Emperor, however, in receiving yesterday the ex-Governor of the Philippines, said he wished Americans to understand that Japan was "striving earnestly and patiently to maintain peace."

Viscount Hayashi is rather satirical in dealing with the hope expressed in St. Petersburg that peace might be announced on the Russian Christmas Day. He said Russian expectations seemed to be that Japan would reply much more quickly than the Government of the Tsar seemed to have done. The poor Viscount is greatly embarrassed by the ingenuous army contractor, who bombards him with offers of war material.

"These matters are all dealt with in Tokio," he says. "Besides, it should be remembered that canned meat is not a necessity with us. Our soldiers, from generals to privates, can live on rice and dried fish, and, if necessary, even less."

"War the Lesser Evil."

St. Petersburg has dropped for the moment the smiling optimism which has so far distinguished it. Men in high military position are quoted as speaking of war as inevitable; the dispatch of the Russian force to Korea is not denied; and it is freely stated that Russia will make no further concessions. Prince Uktomsky's paper says, significantly: "War is a scourge, but there are circumstances in which peace is a worse scourge. It is better to choose the lesser of two evils."

To this, it may be added, that Japanese in high places in Hong Kong are reported to speak of war as imminent; and the agents of Japanese steamboat companies say several more ships have been chartered by their Government. Japanese residents in Manchuria are warned to send their families home, and feverish activity is displayed in the final work on the newly-bought cruisers in Italy.

The 120 English sailors for these ships left London yesterday amid scenes of great enthusiasm.

Another meeting of the Cabinet has been called for Saturday, probably in view of the gravity of the situation.

UNWELCOME INNOVATION.

The "time-honoured, immemorial, political, social, and religious" customs of the semi-independent States in the Khasi Hills have received a rude shock.

The cause of this, as explained in "Truth,"

has been an innovation in connection with the appointment in Cherra, Assam, of the Sein, or Chief of the State.

The Myntiris, the representatives of twelve clans, claim that by immemorial usage they are entitled to appoint the Sein. The custom is to appoint a member of the last Sein's family. On the death of Hajon Manick in 1901 eight of the Myntiris voted for Chandra Sing, long recognised as the heir-apparent, but the other four sided with another candidate, Roba Sing.

Instead of accepting the decision of the majority, the Deputy Commissioner of the district ordered a "popular election" by the people of the State. This was overruled by Sir Henry Cotton, at that time Chief Commissioner of Assam. Sir Henry, in his turn, was overruled by the Government of India, and an election was held, with the result that Roba Sing was proclaimed Sein of Cherra.

But the people refuse to pay allegiance to him, and the House of Commons is now being petitioned to direct that the election shall be set aside.

MARTYR TO EDUCATION.

Passive Resister Finds Many "Earnest Christians" in Wandsworth Gaol.

The Wandsworth resister was astir yesterday morning. It was the feast of the Nonconformist conscience, and Mr. Samuel Wiles, a tailor of New Malden, was the sacrifice whose release from the local gaol demanded celebration.

Mr. Wiles, a white-haired gentleman of sixty odd, had suffered three weeks' imprisonment rather than pay the education rate. A quantity of new cloth and a sewing machine had been found at his residence, but in spite of the manifest value of these articles—£21 10s. was the purchase price—the overseers had held them insufficient to cover the £2 11s. demanded. Wherefore Mr. Wiles had whiled away three weeks in gaol.

He was very kindly treated; had nothing to do, plenty to eat, a good warm bed, and all the books he liked. This rest curbed yesterday morning, and Mr. Harrington, the Congregationalist minister, and a group of sympathisers turned out to welcome Mr. Wiles on his release. "He had suffered the discomfort—not the degradation—of gaol," said Mr. Harrington.

Mr. Wiles, speaking for himself, said that he had found many earnest Christians among the men in prison: "I had the companionship of the prisoners for debt, who were generally there through no fault of their own."

"How did I pass my time? Principally in singing hymns. I sang all the hymns I could remember, and at every possible opportunity."

Education is a strange and motley plant.

INFATUATION WINS.

In the opinion of the police it might have been merely his infatuation for a chambermaid, or it might have been some baser design, that provoked Henry Clood to climb, with his boots encased in woollen socks, over the area railings of an hotel in South Kensington at half-past one o'clock in the morning.

The Westminster magistrate yesterday, learning that Clood had been a kitchen porter at the hotel at one time and that since his departure he had sent many extravagant love letters to one of the servants, gave him the benefit of the doubt and ordered his discharge.

BEWARE OF BURNING HOLLY.

The Christmas decorations at the house of a Mr. Ransford of Bath, had but a short duration, for on New Year's Day his children put them on the fire and burnt them. The decorations evidently protested, for the chimney took fire.

This has led to Dr. Ransford being fined half-a-crown by the magistrates, his explanation of the circumstances causing one of the magistrates to remark that it only proved the truth of the old saying that it was unlucky to burn Christmas decorations before Epiphany.

HOW COULD HE BE ILL?

An example of the humour of Andrew Kirkaldy, the professional golfer, is quoted by the "Scottish Referee."

An open professional competition was taking place, and a crowd of golfers were gathered round the first tee. Kirkaldy inquires: "Where's Taylor?" One of the competitors, answering: "Verra sorry to say he's ill, pur morn, couldna come." Andrew: "What? Taylor ill! Na, na, ma mon, he neither drinks nor smokes—he canna be ill!"

POOR MAN'S PALACE UNAPPRECIATED.

The palatial lodging-house, known as Carington House, which was opened at Deptford last November possesses attractions that probably no other institution of the kind can boast. But from its opening day until the end of December the average daily number of lodgers worked out at only 240, whereas there is accommodation for nearly 700 persons.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.
The Lord Mayor presides at a meeting of the Council of the Hospital Sunday Fund at the Mansion House.
Professor Ray Lankester delivers his Fifth Lecture to juveniles on "Extinct Animals," Royal Institution.
New Reform Club: Banquet to Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., Empire Rooms, Focadero, 730.
The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attend a Dinner of the Paternamers Company, De Keyser's Hotel, 7.
Sales.
J. Wilson's Successors, Ltd., 188, Regent-street, W.
Dunham & Freshbury, Wigmore-street, W.
Swin & Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.
Peter Robinson, Oxford-street, W.
Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford-street, W., and Vere-street, W.
Valerie, 12, New Burlington-street.
Norman & Stacey, Tottenham Court-road.
Cuthborough, Hanover-square.
Lewis & Allenby, Regent-street and Conduit-street, W.
Russell, Sidney-place, Wardour-street.
Maud Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W.
Hadden, Conduit-street, W.
Johnstone & Co., 19 and 20, New Bond-street, W.
Mayfair Shoe Company, Vere-street, W.

Theatres.

"Adelphi," "Little Hans Andersen," 2; "The Earl and the Girl," 8.15.
Apollo, "Madame Sherry," 8.15.
Royalty, "A Country Girl," 8.
Drury Lane, "Humpty Dumpty," 1.30 and 7.30.
Court, "Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit," and "Snow-drop," 2.30.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Gaiety, "The Duchess of Danzig," 8.
Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.
His Majesty's, "The Darling of the Gods," 8.15.
Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.
Lyric, "The Duchess of Danzig," 8.
New, "Alice Through the Looking-glass," 2.30 and 8.15.
Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.
Royalty, "Der Vildkatter," 8.15.
St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.
Vaudeville, "The Cherry Girl," 8.
Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 8.
Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.
Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.
Hippodrome, "The Elephant Hunters," 2 and 8.
Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

*Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

PLEA FOR RIFLE CLUBS.

SIR CONAN DOYLE APPEALS TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

OPPORTUNITIES EVERYWHERE.

Sir Conan Doyle can always be reckoned on when any manly or patriotic duty is toward. Yesterday it was his history of the Boer War and the pamphlet that brought him a well-deserved knighthood; to-day his able pen, when relieved of the task of wrestling with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, is engaged in pressing for the establishment of miniature rifle ranges in connection with the National Rifle Association.

His little pamphlet may be had gratis, and he who runs may read therein that—

"The most certain lesson of our late war is that any man who has natural courage, and can shoot well, will quickly develop into an excellent soldier. . . . The absolute minimum a man owes to his own honour and self-respect is to make himself an efficient civilian rifle-shot. . . . A range of a hundred yards will suffice to make a marksman, and there is no town so closely built that space cannot be found where such ranges can be safely established.

The first proceeding is for one man or a few men to take the initiative, and to call a meeting. . . . There is sure to be some public-spirited landowner who will give or lend a hundred yards of his property for so good a purpose. Old chalk or gravel pits or any hillside will do. . . . The total expense should not be more than from £10 to £15.

Fifty pounds should make a very good range, if the land can be got free. . . . Afterwards the occasional gift of a few small prizes to be shot for on every public holiday is quite enough to keep the interest alive.

Above all, adds Sir Conan Doyle, the movement must be kept democratic. There must be no social distinctions of any sort. Founded and managed on these lines, I believe the movement will have a great future and will be a source of interest to riflemen and of strength to their country.

POLLING IN MID-DEVON.

The Parliamentary contest in the Mid-Devon Division, which has been marked by such lively incidents, reaches its last stages to-day, when the polling takes place.

The last of the campaign passed with a surprising absence of the obstructive tactics which have been displayed at many of the meetings. It may be anticipated that to-day's poll will be the largest on record.

The candidates are:—

Sir Richard Harrison (Unionist).
Mr. H. T. Eve, K.C. (Liberal).

Lord Morpeth, the Unionist candidate at Gateshead, in his address issued to the electors yesterday, states that he favours the Government's policy in regard to fiscal reform and the Education Act. He expresses himself in favour of a strong Navy and of Army reform.

Mr. George Younger, head of the firm of Younger and Co., brewers, Alloa, has been chosen as Conservative candidate for the Ayr Burghs.

ESTIMATE OF HERBERT SPENCER.

"Herbert Spencer, in fact, displayed a will force for which they could find no equal except in the case of such men as Alexander and Napoleon Buonaparte," said Mr. J. M. Robertson lecturing last night on behalf of the Rationalist Press Association at Essex Hall. "His work as a whole was the greatest intellectual enterprise undertaken by any modern man," added the lecturer.

Zola's Rougon Macquart enterprise, we should think, would take the second place. The parallel is logical if peculiar.

L.C.C.'S PARLIAMENTARY EXPENSES.

The motherly London County Council, in her efforts to give her children health, wealth, and happiness, is continually in Parliament promoting or opposing bills to give her certain powers to these ends.

From 1889 to 1902, the sum of £185,332 was spent in promoting bills, whilst the expenditure in opposing various bills was £78,503. Most of this was spent on matters connected with water, tramways, and insanitary areas. Powers to demolish eleven of the latter and to rehouse 30,000 persons were obtained.

SHRINKING FROM THE REMEDY.

"No fictitious signatures placed on paper documents can guarantee the peace of the country if it is infested with Chinamen." That is the opinion, expressed by the South African paper, the "Volksstem," in an editorial article yesterday.

The journal thinks it its duty to warn the authorities that when they have made up their minds to import mine labourers from Asia they will, as a result, have to import at the same time soldiers from England.

DUKE OF PORTLAND TAKES UP GOLF.

A new golf course of nine holes has been laid out on his estate at Welbeck by the Duke of Portland, who has lately taken up the game. Willie Fernie, of Troon, the well-known Scotch professional, has been engaged to assist in the Duke's tuition.

DECAY OF DINING.

Casimir, the Chef, Laments that the Art is Dead.

London is not alone in the lack of time for dining.

According to Casimir, the great Parisian "Prince of Cookery," the day of dining—real dining—is in the limbo of forgotten things. It needs a man of wit and intelligence to order a real dinner, and men in our era have no time to dine.

They eat in railway carriages, complains Casimir, the "paquetot," or the quick lunch bar, and with the decay of the diner follows the decay of the chef and the art of cookery.

Casimir, revisiting yesterday the Maison Dorée, the scene of his former triumphs, saw it turned into a vulgar brasserie, with even a club upon the floor above.

"It will become," said he to the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mirror*, "a place where people eat, instead of, as in the old days, where people dined. With the Maison Dorée disappears an epoch in the life of Paris—an epoch in eclecticism of food and of conversation.

A Witty Insult.

"Ah, bah!" he continues, "there is no conversation now. People make puns as heavy as the meals they eat, and the witless talk is as unlike the old talk of the Maison Dorée as the beer they now drink is different from the champagne they used to quaff.

"The very tables are to be put up for auction where sat such men as Théophile Gautier, Murat, Lafitte, the banker; Gallifet, and Villemessant. Yes, even the table at which the Vicomte Armand de Pontmartin had his famous quarrel with Barbey D'Aurevilly.

"The two men hated one another, but when D'Aurevilly saw there was no room elsewhere, he asked if he might sit opposite the Vicomte.

"I much regret," said De Pontmartin's answer, 'but I have made a rule of always eating alone.'

"Not quite a rule, surely, mon cher Vicomte," responded D'Aurevilly, 'for there are two of you this evening,' and, with a smile ineffably insulting, he pointed to the sucking pig upon the table.

"Ah, yes," sighed Casimir, pondering on the incident, "I think that I shall surely buy that table."

JOAN OF ARC CANONISED.

Joan of Arc is now on the high road to sainthood. The first of the ceremonies which will lead up to the beatification and final canonisation of "the only French General that beat the English" was solemnised at Rome yesterday by the Pope, the Cardinals of the Congregation of Rites, and the members of the Papal Court, together with thousands of visitors.

Naturally, France was strongly represented. Monsignor Touchet, Archbishop of Orleans, who has never ceased from pressing the beatification of the Maid of Orleans, thanked the Pope for the honour conferred upon his fatherland. And, in addition, the entire staff of the French Embassy accredited to the Vatican were present.

Burnt as a witch, canonised as a saint, extremes have met round the ashes of Joan of Arc.

THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

Whilst excavating a trench at Chelmsford yesterday some workmen came across the skeleton of a human being, quite black, but remarkably well preserved. The skeleton was lying on a board, the bones of the arms being straight down in a line with the body. There were nails in the board, as if the body had been fastened down. The skeleton was found three feet underground, the head being under an ash tree.

The supposition is that, as the spot where the skeleton was found was once close to an old main road, the skeleton is that of a man who committed suicide many years ago, and was buried at the cross-roads, as was the custom in olden days. The bones have been re-interred in the trench.

CORNISH HERMIT'S FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

"Jeannie," the mysterious woman who has given the police and workhouse officials in West Cornwall so much trouble by her escapades, left Penzance Workhouse yesterday evening for her home in Russia. Her father arrived in the afternoon and identified her as a daughter who left home about ten years ago. The woman professed to have no recollection of her previous history, but she embraced her father, and said she was quite willing to go with him. She has marvelously improved in appearance since she has been taken care of by the workhouse officials. Her father says she was forsaken by a lover some years ago, and that has been the cause of all the trouble.

MR. LONG AND THE DUKE.

Mr. Walter Long, M.P., at Bristol last night, said he had read the Duke of Devonshire's manifesto with regret. It was idle for the Duke to say they could withdraw their support from the Unionist Party and run no risk of having the Home Rule controversy introduced again. Mr. Redmond had made the position of the Irish Party clear.

Sir Francis Jeune has had a relapse, and will not be able to resume his seat in the Divorce Court next week.

NEW LIFE OF CHAMBERLAIN.

Cannassers Who Are to Make it Go Without Booksellers' Aid.

CHAMBERLAIN: LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH. By Louis Creswick. (The only "Life of Chamberlain" which cannot be obtained from booksellers.)

In making the above announcement the Caxton Publishing Company are fired by no personal animus against the booksellers, though the movement which they are pioneering may have far-reaching effects on the trade should its success induce other publishers to follow suit. Finding from past experience that bookshops have little or no sale for expensive works, the Caxton Company have decided to sell their four-volume "Life" to subscribers only.

Now this enterprise of the Caxton Company affords an unrivalled opening for canvassers equipped with more than ordinary talent for such work. In the first place they are given exceptional credentials in the way of prospectuses and specimens of binding, illustrations, and text of superlative quality. Consequently they have no difficulty in gaining speech of likely subscribers, and in these "fiscal" times the usual result of the interview is an order for Mr. Creswick's book.

A representative of the firm when explaining the scheme pertinently remarked, "Many people will buy a book when it is actually laid before them on the drawing-room table who would never take the trouble to walk into a bookseller's and order it."

"The other day a gentleman courteously, but firmly, refused even to look at our prospectus. Said he had never paid more than 5s. for a book, and was not going to begin at his time of life; the representative might leave some of his papers if he pleased, but there was no chance of their being even looked at. Nevertheless, the obdurate gentleman sent an order for the book a few days later."

But lady clients are not sought for. "Ladies," said the representative of the firm, "do not buy books, at least, not such highly-priced ones; they prefer to spend their money on gowns."

SIXPENNY FISCAL SONG.

Mrs. Brown Potter's Ditty at a Popular Price.

The world is accustomed to employ a hard term in speaking of those enterprising individuals who make it possible that music can be sold in the streets at prices such as sixpence and twopenny. "Pirate" is the opprobrious epithet bestowed upon them so unfeelingly.

There may therefore be some danger that when people see "The Pledge of a Britisher," Mrs. Brown Potter's fiscal song, being sold at the modest price of sixpence on and after Friday next they will jump to the conclusion that there is some sort of "piracy" connected with this. In this instance they would be taking an entirely incorrect view. A *Daily Mirror* representative has learnt some interesting information in connection with the publication of this song.

There is a Mr. Fisher who is somewhat well known in the world of popular music. Under the title of "The People's Musical Publishing Company" he has lately established himself in Paternoster-row. On Friday countless groats of "The Pledge of a Britisher" will be launched forth from this office.

Not Really by "Joe."

There will be no mysterious "four shillings" printed on the cover, as a sign that the retailer may charge what he can get—neither four shillings, two shillings, nor one and fourpence. Everyone with a humble "tanner" to spend can attempt to sing the now world-famous refrain.

"I pledge my word that the Empire needs Protection, I pledge my word through Protection we will gain, I pledge my word it will be-ne-fit the Nation."

Are the words of Mister Joseph Chamberlain.

As a guarantee of authenticity the cover is to be adorned with a portrait of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain himself, and a fac-simile reproduction of his authority to do so. In fact, it looks at first sight as though he were the author of this epoch-making song.

These are the days when the hunter of the man who is really a music pirate returns home with a mighty bag. The standard for a record "take" however, has now been set very high. The North London magistrate yesterday made an order for the destruction of 73,788 out of 73,988 copies of pirated music seized at Homerton—a number hitherto unapproached, it is believed, by the most successful hunter.

ANOTHER "LITTLE WAR."

We appear to be in for another "little war." The Subhai tribe is showing hostility in that interesting sun-baked region known as the "Aden hinterland." These Subhai can muster 8,000 fighting men, and will make a stand against the field force which is being collected to march into their territory.

Clarkson, the youth charged with the murder of the girl Elizabeth Mary Lynas, at Guisborough, in Yorkshire, yesterday preserved an unconcerned demeanour before the magistrates, who committed him for trial. He has declined legal aid, and has asked not to be "scratched" from a local billiard handicap.

CITY APACHE'S TALE.

WILD STORY OF A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

A THING WITH "BIG, BLACK EYES."

The boy Apache, who used his tomahawk on his employer, Mr. Lane, in a City office, is a most interesting character.

Thomas E. Schütz—the name by which the Apache goes in the City and his native wilds at Burdett-road—has written a most extraordinary statement, suggesting that it was not himself, but a mysterious black-eyed stranger, who wielded the axe against Mr. Lane.

It will be remembered that the lad surrendered himself at Cloak-lane Police Station on Tuesday evening. He had wandered about London since the attack on Mr. Lane on Monday afternoon, and finally found himself at Woolwich. After a night's rest he determined to tell everything to the police; and at the station he wrote the "statement," which was produced in evidence yesterday at the Mansion House Police Court.

Letter that Threatened Death.

It commenced with the story of a letter the lad found on his desk last September. This mysterious communication threatened death to certain persons, and said whoever found the letter was "to do the deed."

"A few days later," Schütz wrote, "a man asked me in Queen-street to go in the iron-monger's there and buy him an axe head. I did not think much about it then, but simply went and bought it for him."

"Since that time I have had two or three handbills given me in the street, on which was written something like, 'When you are ready to fulfil the requirements of the letter you had in September let us know by advertising in the "Personal Column" of the Daily Mail.'

"I am now positively sure that the man who gave me the bills and the one who asked me to buy the axe are the same."

Coming to the incidents of Monday, the Apache writes that the man for whom he bought the axe—a "short, very thin man, with very black eyes"—came into the office and said he wanted to write a letter to Mr. Lane. The note, when written, was handed to Schütz with a heavy parcel.

The Crouching Stranger.

"While Mr. Lane was opening the letter," continues the statement, "I remember hearing someone walking behind me, and turning my head saw the man come in the door, crouching down. He came swiftly towards me, and before I could hardly take in the situation he had snatched the parcel out of my hand, and as I thought, was going to hit me. I raised my hands to defend myself, but he ran round me and hit Mr. Lane across the head with it."

"I only have a dim recollection of what followed. He then thrust the packet back in my hand, and, seeing blood on it, I threw it away, and I think it hit Mr. Lane. I remember nothing more until I found myself in the Strand with the man who had attacked Mr. Lane."

The police attach no credence to this strange farrago, and believe the boy bought the axe himself last Saturday. There is no trace of insanity in Schütz's family; he was considered a good boy, and his reading had been not Indian penny dreadfuls, but serious works on swimming and photography.

The lad, whose parents are very respectable people, was remanded.

THE CASE OF MRS. PAINE.

The case of Mrs. Elizabeth Paine, the woman who strove to keep her home going by making trousers at the rate of a few pence a pair, was mentioned to the Brentford magistrates again yesterday.

The Chairman (Mr. Hildman), who has taken great interest in the matter, said he had his colleagues desired to thank the Press for giving publicity to the case, and through the Press the numerous subscribers who had generously come forward. The whole amount—close upon £150—had been lodged in a bank, and a sum sufficient for the maintenance of her and the children would be given her weekly.

CONSIDERATE COUNTY COUNCIL.

Some sense of the fitness of things has dawned upon the London County Council. They have humoured the drivers of motor-cars and motor-cycles by providing them with a portable licence.

The L.C.C. first ordered licences of the same size to be issued, but the automobile public complained that the papers would not go into a pocket-book or inner pocket, and the males joined with the fair sex in clamouring for "something to tuck in somewhere." They have now got it—at least some of them have—a neat little piece of paper, not so small to lose, nor too big to tear to get into.

LATE OFFER OF A REWARD.

Another jewel robbery in the West End has come to light. Yesterday was published the offer of a reward of £50 for information which will secure the conviction of the thief who was away with jewellery from Claridge's Hotel at the end of last October.

The property belonged to Mr. Theodore Gross.

AT CHATSWORTH.

A SECOND DAY AMONG THE PHEASANTS.

PRINCESS VICTORIA PLAYS GOLF.

Visitors to the Windsor stables have noted a stout brown cob, which the haughty gentlemen who conduct the casual sightseer point out as being the favourite mount of King Edward when riding from covert to covert in search of game.

This animal it was that took his Majesty from Chatsworth House to the rendezvous at Derwent Bridge yesterday morning, when the second shoot arranged by his ducal host began.

The other guns were some seven or eight members of the house party, and a small crowd had assembled at the bridge to cheer the county's guest.

The day's sport was intersected by a luncheon, at which Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, the Duchess, and several of the ladies staying at Chatsworth were present; after which the shooting was resumed till dark.

Eleven hundred birds and a good few hares are the figures of yesterday's bag, and no doubt the London hospitals will benefit in due course as a consequence of the week's doings.

Queen Alexandra, after motoring down to the luncheon marquee, took things easily for the rest of the afternoon. Contrary to the general expectation, her Majesty did not go to Bakewell and Haddon Hall, to the keen disappointment of a considerable crowd assembled in the pretty little Peakland market town.

Princess Victoria was on the golf links in the morning, where, aided and abetted by a "wily" professional, Mr. Ben Savers, she played a ding-dong match against Lord Charles Montagu.

Mr. Balfour, dismissing the Far Eastern crisis for the nonce, was wielding the clubs from breezy morn to dewy eve, showing no traces of those unsettled convictions of which one heard so much last year.

To-night, on the occasion of the theatricals, Chatsworth will be illuminated a second time, and Mr. Leo Trevor, the indefatigable, will cease from troubling and reap the reward that comes to those responsible for pantomime rehearsals.

DRASTIC SELF-CURE.

Women Sleep out of Doors at Thirty Degrees Below Zero.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Wednesday.

Mrs. George Allworth and Mrs. Alice Flint have shown themselves to be perhaps the most thorough disciples of the open-air cure that have ever submitted to this form of treatment.

On Tuesday night both these women, who are consumptives, slept out of doors on the upper verandah of their home in Meriden, Connecticut, with the thermometer standing at thirty degrees below zero.

The bed-clothing covering each of them consisted of two blankets and one other wrap. But in spite of this scanty covering, they say they did not suffer from cold in the least.

Both of them have been sleeping out of doors throughout the winter, and have now nearly conquered the disease by this drastic treatment, though, a few months ago, they were considered practically hopeless cases. In weather when it is raining or snowing they placed over them.

The doctors say that if these two women sleep out of doors for three months more they will be absolutely cured.

IRISH "MOAT FARM" CASE.

The Irish "Moat Farm" case was advanced a stage yesterday, when the butcher, Joseph Flanagan was charged with the murder of John Flanagan last April.

It was shown that Fee ordered a manure heap near his slaughter-house to be removed, and one of the workmen engaged threw up a boot with his fork. A search revealed the body of Flanagan.

Flanagan's father stated that after his son disappeared Fee told him not to be uneasy, as his boy would turn up. Fee joined in a search for the man he is charged with murdering.

Another remand was ordered.

"RICHEST IN RADIUM."

As the result of Sir Wm. Crookes's report to the Radium and Uranium Syndicate, Ltd., to his experiments with specimens of pitchblende taken from the South Terras mine, near Grampound Road, in Cornwall, show the presence of a quantity of radium, it has been decided to buy proper plant and work the properties owned by the company.

Mr. J. Harris James, the manager of the mine, informed a Press representative yesterday that there was no doubt that after his Cornish mines that that county was the richest in England, or the whole world, in radium.

King Christian of Denmark is said to be in a serious condition. He is weak and suffering great pain.

THE BABIES' BALL.

Leap Year Makes Itself Felt at the Mansion House.

Motley was the only wear at the Mansion House last night, when the Lady Mayoreess gave the annual children's fancy dress dance. The tapestry-hung pillared halls were filled with a rainbow-hued crowd of little people, all intent on squeezing as much amusement out of the evening as possible and all looking as pretty as pictures in their unwonted finery.

The most admired were the very tiny tots. One little pair were in their "nighties," the boy in a nightcap and little miss in curl-papers, each with a good-night candlestick. There was a miniature policeman, scarcely three feet high, and most of that seemed to be helmet.

Close on his heels trotted Bonnie Prince Charlie with a red-curtled Flora Macdonald, who seemed to have her liege lord quite under her thumb. In a corner apart sat a Red Indian, all beads and wampum, and so fearfully tattooed that he gave up the attempt to find partners very early in the evening, as all the wee fairies and peasant lassies laughed at his warpaint.

Not at All Tired.

In the dancing-room, where the City fathers in velvet and lace ruffles stood four deep to watch their children's capers, a distinctly Leap Year atmosphere was noticeable. It was the Dresden Shepherdesses and the Plum Puddings and the Katherines of Aragon who seized upon the Robin Hoods and Hussars and Cook Boys and led them, willy-nilly, into the mazes of the dance, where they often had much ado to guide the erring footsteps of their partners—boys' legs seeming to have a desperate aversion to twirling and twisting in time to music.

The "light refreshment" alcove was a very popular resort. Dancing and Punch and Judy might be frivolous amusements, ices and petits fours were evidently a serious matter. Portia, demure and stately, swept up to the buffet, secured a meringue, and retired to a corner to eat it with duly judicial solemnity: a matador, aged five, brought in several fairies, provided them all with lemonade, and then put his whole soul into the consumption of a strawberry iced.

Before supper time many eyes had grown big and round and sleepy, many towed heads leant against chair-backs or friendly shoulders, but not one of the merry-makers would own to being tired; and the first note of dissatisfaction was heard when shawls and cloaks were brought out, and unwilling good-nights exchanged.

DEPOSED DURING HIS HOLIDAY.

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, whose ardent licensing reform campaign has drawn upon him more than ordinary attention, is on his way back to Birmingham from a holiday in Ceylon.

If he does not learn it before, he will become aware when he reaches home that yesterday he was deposed from his position as deputy-chairman of the Bench of Birmingham magistrates, Mr. A. M. Chance, a temperance advocate, a successful politician, and a leading Midland manufacturer, being elected in his stead by forty votes to twenty.

YESTERDAY'S SPORTS.

RACING AT WINDSOR.

Matters were altogether more pleasant at Windsor yesterday afternoon, as compared with Tuesday, a good view of the racing being seen from start to finish—an unexpected pleasure, as the north of London was enveloped in a dense fog.

There was again good attendance, and sport showed an improvement, eleven going to the post for the English Hurdle which opened the proceedings. The favourite was Bakersfield, with Sapphire preferred to the other, but neither could get in the first three, the winner springing forth in Kineton Boy, who was sold by Mr. Bottomley, after winning at Kempton Park, for 300 gns. He is now the property of Mr. E. Scott, who a couple of years ago had him in his possession.

The Wednesday Selling fell to Commodore, who gave a stylish performance that Mr. Halliwick, who won two races on Tuesday, had to go to 50 guineas to retain possession of the son of Commodore.

Contrary to the usual custom the favourite, Patrick's Ball, did not win the National Hunt Flat, Swetmore, who at first held pride of place in the wagering, winning easily.

The so-called talent thought the Castle Handicap Steeplechase rested between Key West and Sweetheart III., who at flagfall changed places in the wagering. The picking was good, as they fought out the issue, Key West having, however, to strike his colours to the other, but in the end, Monotype fell at the water, and Misty Light ran sufficiently well to be supported on a future occasion, but Titus II. did not reproduce his Newmarket form, where he gave 100 and six lengths' beating to the Manchester winner, Railoff.

Halliwick's stable had won four races at the meeting, but Price II. failed in the concluding race, which fell to The Gift.

A bet of £200 to 10s. was laid against Woodlander, who was the mount of the veteran sportsman Sir C. de Crespigny, in the Egham Steeplechase. Results:—

Race.	Horse.	Jockey.	Price.
English H. (11)	Kineton Boy.	B. Eells.	7 to 1
Wednesday H. (10)	Commodore.	T. Don.	2 to 1
Nat. Hunt Flat (9)	Sweetmore.	Mr. Bell.	11 to 8
Castle S. (8)	Sweetheart III.	W. Doherty.	5 to 2
Club S. (8)	Foxhill.	Mathews.	5 to 4
Egham S. (8)	The Gift.	E. Acres.	100 to 30

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.) To-day's issue of the Racing Calendar is being awaited with keen interest by sportsmen as, besides the nominations for the Ascot Cup, entries are due for the Lincolnshire Handicap, the City and Suburban, the Chester Cup, the Kempton Jubilee Stakes, the Manchester Great Metropolitan Stakes, and other important races. The question as to who will oppose Sceptre at Ascot is the theme of much discussion in sporting circles.

WORLD'S WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The famous wrestlers, Madrali (Turkey) and Georges Hackensmith (Russia) have signed articles to wrestle for the Great Metropolitan Stakes, a purse of £2,000. The match will take place at Olympia on

LIVED IN THREE CENTURIES.

The Oldest Englishman Dies in His 110th Year.

The last century but one is a long way off, but Mr. Charles Green, of Brighton, who has just died at the preternaturally ripe age of 109½ was there to see it. Alive in three centuries, no wonder he was called a centenarian!

Mr. Green began life at Selsey, near Chichester, where he was born on August 22, 1794. A farmer's lad, and later a farmer's man, he worked on the land till he was ninety-one years old. Then he retired to the home of his daughter, who keeps a little public-house near the West Pier at Brighton.

The reader who is wishful to go and do likewise will, no doubt, have to begin with eighty years of ploughing and reaping at a wage that never exceeded a sovereign a week. Once this difficulty is overcome, the rest is easy. That Mr. Green took no tobacco and lived on vegetables more than flesh is easily understood. He was, of course, the Metropolitan, or the Carlton were, obvious, beyond his means. Centenarians, therefore, we opine, like poets, are born, not made.

Mr. Green never published his reminiscences, but, nevertheless, he had many amusing stories to tell of "Florizel," who built the Brighton Pavilion, and later on assumed the style of George IV., of the Iron Duke, Beau Brummel, and the wicked Earl of Yarmouth.

PSEUDO-CALEDONIANS.

Carelessly-Disguised Cockneys Impose on London Scots.

Disguised as Scotsmen, it appears, sundry southern beggars have been calling on members of the Scottish Corporation, a body that has its headquarters in Crane-court, Fleet-street, London, E.C., and in broad Cockney have supplicated alms. There was not even an attempt to state their case in the Doric, merely a base and unspeakable assertion that they were Scottish, and as Scotsmen appealed to the warm hearts of their more prosperous and far more genuine co-nationals.

Occasionally these impostors have, after a careless study of the kailyard school of life and literature, composed a plaintive begging letter. But the members of the corporation, fresh from the pages of "Wee MacGregor" and the works of Annie Swan, were not to be deceived.

Yesterday the matter was threshed out at a general court of the governors of the Royal Scottish Hospital, held at the Corporation Hall, and the victims of all these pseudo-Scots were asked to send such triflers to the corporation, where their cases and their accent would be fully investigated.

THE HIBERNIA GOES ONE BETTER.

The first keel plate of the battleship Hibernia was yesterday laid on the same slip on which the King Edward VII. was built at Devonport Dockyard.

The Hibernia is an improvement on the King Edward VII., though she will rank in the same class. Her cost will amount to more than a million sterling.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, the men to be on the mat nine o'clock.

Ferdinand Grubn, the British heavy-weight ex-amateur champion wrestler and runner-up in the heavy-weight category of the "Gentlemen's Club" Coronation Tournament, opposed Georges Hackenschmidt at Olympia yesterday afternoon. The Russian forced the pace from the start and pinned Grubn's shoulder down in 10min. 54 2-5sec.

LADIES' COUNTY HOCKEY MATCH.

KENT v. LANCAIRE.

In the second match of the Lancashire lady hockey players' Southern tour, against Kent on the Bromley Cricket Ground yesterday, the Northern combination again suffered defeat.

The opening stages of the game were very evenly contested, but a quarter of an hour after the start the home team attacked hotly. The Lancashire custodian succeeded in saving a hot shot from the left wing, but before she could recover Miss W. Oliver seized the opening and scored the first goal for Kent. Miss Hallows was the next to score for Kent a few minutes afterwards, and at half-time the home side held a lead of 2 goals to 1.

On changing ends the Northerners made a fine effort, and, thanks to some brilliant combination between Miss Stein and Miss Kent, they were able to draw level, they succeeded in drawing level. Afterwards, however, the Lancastrians fell away, and the home team added three more points, the winning by 3 goals to 2.

For the winners, Miss Gibson was very speedy at outside right, and the two backs, Miss Lightfoot and Miss Jacob, were always reliable. The sides were:—

Kent:—Miss Hurlbut, goal; Miss Lightfoot and Miss Jacob, backs; Miss Lightfoot, Miss Tanner, and Miss Addicot, half-backs; Miss Gibson, Miss Hallows, Miss W. Oliver (captain), Miss Addicot, and Miss Lunnie, forwards.

Lancashire:—Miss Linnell, goal; Miss Eccles and Miss Mack, backs; Miss M. Mack, Miss Haslem, and Miss Gamble, half-backs; Miss Parry, Miss McLane, Miss H. Clegg, Miss Renner, and Miss Stett, forwards.

SPORT IN GENERAL.

The New Year lawn tennis tournament at Craigside, Llandudno, was successfully concluded yesterday. Mr. Hough, who secured the coveted cup, was champion of Wales last September, won the open singles, defeating Mr. Herschell in the final round.

A Reading and Surrey, the oldest hockey-playing counties in England, met at Surbiton yesterday, when Middlesex accomplished at their best performance of the season, by winning the match by a score of 2 goals (Eric Green and H. V. Adams) to 1 (H. R. Jordan).

A Reading and West Ham United played a draw of 1 goal each in the Western League at Reading yesterday.

RAILWAY HORROR.

THIRTY PASSENGERS KILLED IN AN AMERICAN COLLISION.

RESCUE WORK WITH AXES.

America furnishes another horror to-day. Yesterday morning (says Reuter) a passenger train dashed into a cattle train going in the opposite direction near Willard, Kansas.

The passenger train was travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The shock of the impact drove the smoking-car back on to the car behind, and the latter was crushed to matchwood for the greater part of its length.

Nearly all the passengers in the front part of the car were killed instantly, the dead numbering at least thirty. The rescuing party had to chop a way through the wrecked timber work of the coach with axes, and by the time this was done only three of those pinned beneath remained alive.

One of these, a man, died soon after, and a woman, similarly rescued, lingered only for an hour, and died, vainly trying to tell her name. Many passengers, bleeding from wounds, heroically helped in the work of rescue.

One little girl, whose ankle was broken, was pinned down by a heavy stove, which rested on her broken ankle; her father and mother were both killed. Some of the bodies were unrecognisable, and the mangled carcasses of animals from the cattle train added to the horror of the scene.

THE ASSASSIN'S CLUB.

Its Existence Revealed by a Repentant Member.

Multiplication is vexation, and assassination seems to be as bad, judging by the experiences of a gardener named Frederick Dodds, who appeared at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday afternoon charged with a series of robberies from houses wherein he had posed as a lodger.

But where does the assassination come in? the reader may ask. The chairman had inquired of Dodds whether he had anything to say in his defence; whereupon the erstwhile gardener produced a written document, in which he explained that some years back, while in his cups, he had added his name to the roll of the Assassins' Club.

The connection between robbery and the death that lurks upon it can not being obvious, his lordship sentenced the prisoner to eighteen months' hard labour.

As to the club which Dodds said he had been induced to join, it is, thank heaven, a foreign institution with a cosmopolitan membership of some 500 assassins. Every gentleman on its list is sworn to obey instructions under penalty of death. The first term of service is for ten years, and one can sign on for an extension if one survives. Dodds refrained from giving further particulars, as he was sworn to secrecy. But for many years his connection with the order had made him desperate, and the order had charge, he explained, was the result not of a desire to annex the belongings of landladies, but a determination to suffer imprisonment rather than comply with the demands of the club.

SIN OF THE MILLIONAIRES.

In-breeding and millionaires, it seems, have combined to hasten the extinction of British deer and birds. The first cause lessens their vitality; and the millionaires, whose idea of sport is to kill as many head of game as possible, are the most active enemies of the furred and feathered race.

Without replenishing, it is said, deer, partridges, and pheasants would be extinct in a few years. It is, therefore, most satisfactory to learn that large quantities of foreign partridges and pheasants and red deer are arriving at Liverpool to the order of Mr. William Cross, the well-known naturalist, for replenishing our depleted game preserves.

DEPRESSED BY WAR'S ALARMS.

Once more the Stock Exchange has had to endure a day of anxiety, and markets were quite under the influence of the news from Korea. The proposed landing of troops by Russia and Japan is, it is feared, likely to precipitate a struggle between the two countries. Although prices opened rather weak, markets held together pretty well until the afternoon, but went to pieces rather badly in the last hour. The Continent, which has all along been more optimistic than London, appeared to have suddenly taken fright, and offered stocks of all kinds freely.

It was rumored that M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, had been hurriedly summoned back from Nice to Paris, owing to the latest developments in Korea. Consols broke sharply to 87½ for the account, and gave the clue to the other market.

Home Rails were dull, in spite of fair traffic, but the declines were slight compared with other sections. Americans closed at nearly the lowest, having substantial falls on balance. The relapse in Americans was partly due to the Eastern question and partly to the serious falling off in the profits of the Steel Trust Corporation for the past quarter.

Canadian Rails showed weakness, especially Canadian Pacific, as in the event of an outbreak of war the latter company may lose the chief portion of its Eastern trade. Argentine Rails suffered from liquidation of a belated "bull" account, while the metals were reluctant to buy stock without knowing where to resell it. Prices in consequence gave way sharply.

In the Foreign market Japanese bonds gave way all round, and most of the Continental stocks closed weak. South African shares were one of the weakest sections in the "House," and substantial losses were shown all down the list at the close.

Fifteen persons have died of cold in New York during the last three days' cold snap.

PROBLEM OF THE DUNCE.

BOYS WHO ARE TOO STUPID TO PROFIT BY A PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION.

By A SCHOOLMASTER.

The schoolboy mentioned in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* who stutters on paper is only a specimen of a class with which schoolmasters find it very hard to deal. The number of boys who are in some way or other "mentally deficient" is far larger than most people imagine. In fact, the most herculean of the schoolmaster's labours is the treatment of the "dunce."

When boys are stupid (so long as they do not actually qualify for a medical certificate of lunacy), their parents are, as a rule, quite ignorant of their stupidity. At home they seem to be ordinary boys enough. Tommy can play with his toys, bully his sisters, and more or less "behave himself at table." What more can be required? Papa is naturally upset by the scathing criticisms which he reads in Tommy's report, when he has left the pleasures of home for the pains of school.

Yet anyone who has had the slightest experience of the lower forms at a public school will know that these criticisms, wrung from a master's tortured heart, are exaggerated not at all. There are at least a score or so of these boys in every public and every private school. They are not exactly "congenital idiots," only just "a little wanting," and constitutionally incapable of thought. Logic is Greek to them; the old-fashioned humdrum teacher and the new-fangled student of pedagogy are alike powerless to teach or educate such material.

Incapable of Mental Effort.

They never rise above the lowest form, so that for years one unfortunate master breaks his spirit against their unyielding stupidity, and they leave school as densely ignorant as when the fond parent hopefully dumped his darling in the head-master's study.

One delightful little boy at a public school—he was nearing eighteen, but his adherence to the bottom form kept him in Eton collars—came solemnly to his form-master to announce that his little brother was coming to school next term. "Do you know, sir," he went on with solemn eyes, "he's almost as thick, sir, as I am." And he was! Both these boys knew their shortcomings; both had a good deal of practical ability, could get full value for threepence at the tuck shop, and rear successfully the mice and parrots with which their muddy pockets swarmed.

But the sight of pen and paper reduced them to stupor. The price on paper of six things at sevenpence each baffled their utmost searching; two stanzas of "The Revenge" escaped their memory after two hours' application; and, strangest yet commonest failing of all, it was beyond their powers to write in English two consecutive sentences of sense.

It was not only the idiosyncrasies of their spelling which made them offer to the worship of the Israelites a "moulting calf" and expatiate (unintelligibly) on the amount of "dying dun at Dondece"; but even when reduced to the dulness of orthography their compositions were utterly unintelligible. When this inability to write English is applied to the task of translating a language, of which the boy will be completely ignorant to his dying day, one expects a curious result; yet nothing so curious as this, which was recently served up by one of these brothers in a school examination. Fiction quails before such truth.

The Tragic Side of It.

The Latin was Cæsar reduced to his lowest terms, milk for babes; and it told of events in the invasion of Britain: the arrangement of troops and the taking of a town. Separated by several lines, occurred two Latin words—"comes," a companion, and "Camelodunum," the old name of Colchester. These gave the key to the translation, which ran—

Then comes the splendid camel for Cæsar was they the town. She thirsting of hunger and the camel was pained to roar. Cæsar too afterwards searched his hoof (whose?) for something to eat.

And there the interesting fiction ended—an hour's work! Yet the boy had tried hard, for he had the ambition to excel. In this same examination the other brother did better. He wrote ten lines on the Black Hole of Calcutta which mostly made sense. Its horrors had caught his imagination, and he described them with unflinching realism and an unblushing defiance of grammar. Then came the climax: "It was an awful hole."

On another occasion the master in a relenting mood distributed Christian names to his form and asked them to assign to each some surname of note, granting them the range of all history and all the globe. One boy found but two, and wrote them on consecutive lines. They were George Alexander and John the Baptist.

There is humour enough in these answers, but tragedy underlies and often swamps it altogether in the eyes of the master who has his pupils' interest at heart.

The human mind is a queer medley, and stupidity is very like genius. What do you say of the boy who with all apparent solemnity, wrote this: "Vulgar fractions are those which have been reduced to their lowest terms. There are also improper fractions." If it was a joke it was his first.

A COLONIAL TYPE.

THE CAPE GIRL.

The home-born Englishwoman is apt to look down upon her Colonial sisters as less cultivated, narrower in mind, and with ideas and aspirations which must naturally be bounded within a very cramped circle. To some extent this is true. Generally the Colonial girl shines most within her home. However, the Cape girl is an exception to this rule.

(By this term must be understood, not the girls living in any part of Cape Colony, but only those born and bred in Cape Town itself, for, strange as it may seem, it is only they who are so known, the rest being dubbed by the wide term "Colonial girls.")

The Cape girl is a strange type, perhaps because of the mixture of French, Dutch, and English blood. Her life is for the most part a pleasure pilgrimage. If she move in the Government House set (dread honour) she soon become ultra-English in manners, tastes, and sometimes in her political opinions. In this case she strictly eschews all Dutch connections, and if Heaven has been so unkind as to endow her with a Dutch name, it is at once tacked on, tandem fashion, to some other of unmistakably British origin, or metamorphosed into one with an Anglo-Saxon sound.

She has the reputation of being a flirt, but it is hardly deserved, for, as a rule, she is much too prudent to occupy herself with anything so unprofitable. Yet she is daring enough in matters of dress, and falls into the most absurd exaggerations. Should the hair be worn high, the Cape girl has hers falling on to her eyebrows. Should a "bun" be the order of the day, she wears a loaf. When bustles were the fashion, the streets of Cape Town were well-nigh impassable.

The Cape girl grows up early. She is a strange mixture of wide knowledge of the world, and an almost insurmountable narrowness of mind on some questions. Under a surface of coquetry and worldly wisdom, one is often confronted with a perfect stone wall of puritanical hardness and conventionality. Yet she is charming in her original way, and she promises to develop a species of woman which will rival her trans-Atlantic cousins.

OUR GREAT "TREASURE HUNT."

ANOTHER LEAMINGTON LADY SUCCESSFUL.

MRS. MARY WROUGHTON WINS A TUBE OF RADIUM AND £23 8s. 7½d.

In our issue of Monday, December 21, we announced that a tube of Radium and a certain amount of gold would award the treasure-hunter who first succeeded in discovering and deciphering the four hidden tests (quotations) which were to appear day by day during that week in the *Daily Mirror*.

We also made it a condition of the test that in the event of no one succeeding in finding out all the quotations, the treasure would be handed over to the person who headed the list with most correct solutions.

Careful examination of the stupendous number of coupons which were sent in has resulted in no one rightly naming all. The handsome award, therefore, goes to the competitor who heads the list and whose letter reached us first, and this, singularly enough, is another Leamington lady—Mrs. MARY WROUGHTON, 47, Clarendon-street, Leamington.

The winning list was posted in the latter town at 11 a.m. on Thursday, December 24.

The hidden quotations were:—

COUPON I., December 21.—"We must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us."

COUPON II., December 22.—"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

COUPON III.—"At Christmas play and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year."

COUPON IV.—"Oh, the roast beef of England and old England's roast beef."

The amount of treasure buried was £23 8s. 7½d.

OUR LEARNED CHILDREN.

The youth of to-day has truly appalling facilities for becoming learned and putting "posers" to his unfortunate parents.

In the interval of Professor Ray Lankester's lectures to children on extinct animals comes a disquisition on balloons by no less a person than Mr. Eric Stuart Bruce, secretary of the Aeronautical Society.

The children learned, among other things—

That our national balloon equipment is the finest in the world.

That more free balloons ascend from Paris than any other city.

That the longest balloon journey was that of Count de la Vaulx, from Paris to Korostich, 1,200 miles, in less than thirty-six hours.

That a French savant, by throwing out the wishbone of a chicken, caused his balloon to jump up ninety feet.

HUNTING THE SNARK.

HOW THE "MALIGNANT OCTOPUS" WAS FOUND AND LOST.

Up the back stairs of Fleet-street, in the dingy corners of editorial dens, under piles of rejected MSS., a *Daily Mirror* representative sought yesterday long and patiently for "the malignant octopus," the editor who figures so curiously in Mrs. Rentoul Esler's "Trackless Way."

At length he found him playing checkers with an unspeakable Scot.

"Hoot awa', mon," the octopus was saying; "ye canna play the game anny more. Pit yersel' in that corner wi' the rest of they bones."

Then he rose, swept the "hearts" and the "hopes" with which they had been playing off the board, and "gave his visitor a hand-clasp that was a benediction."

"At last," he said as he read the *Daily Mirror*, "you are famous; you have discovered me."

His "cairn-gorm" eyes were turned to the ceiling. He hummed "softly a verse from the twenty-third Psalm."

It was evident that he was thinking deeply.

"Your paper," he said, "has doubtless, like every other paper, now reached the highest circulation in the world. If I allowed you to mention my name it would be doubled to-morrow. Every London Scot would buy it."

Left not a Wrack Behind.

He paused—one of those long pauses that Mrs. Esler has described so well.

"But no," he added, "I shrink from publicity. To make your fortune, what happiness! To give you a million new readers, what exaltation! Forgive me, I cannot. My business is to boom others; my modesty, my dignity, permit me only to refuse your request. Let me remain an octopus, if you wish, but an octopus without a name."

With a wave of a hundred tentacles he disappeared, leaving behind only an aroma of printer's ink and a memory of Lewis Carroll's famous lines:—

"But, oh, beaming nephew, beware of the day,
If your snark be a bog-jum," for then
He will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be heard of again."

* Here some good authorities read "bookman."

"CLUBS! CLUBS!"

AN OLD CRY WITH A MODERN MEANING.

(CLUBS FOR 1904. Edited by E. C. Austen Leigh, M.A. (Spottiswoode and Co. 3s. 6d.).)

If anyone wished to know what are really the most triumphant and vital features of English social life, one might say without hesitation, first the home and after that the club. The alternative completes, one might almost believe, the whole duty of the Englishman, and both institutions thrive each through the dignity of the other.

But there are clubs and clubs. In an admirable directory of British clubs throughout the world, which Mr. E. C. Austen Leigh edits for 1904, all kinds are included, and the social information that its pages might provide is practically inexhaustible.

Above all, the little book does honour to England, and especially to London, where clubs were in use a hundred years ago and are still the best to-day. London, in fact, is one of the few cities which can boast of clubs that survive from the times before the very word "club" came into general use. The old coffee-houses—Arthur's, Boodle's, Brook's, White's—still dwell even to call themselves by so modern a name as "club." Even in the case of more modern but more massive institutions, like the Carlton and the Athenaeum, London still holds the field unchallenged for the dignity and distinction of its club-life.

Two Thousand Golf Clubs.

Nay, more! Take any kind of club you like, and England is still without a rival. In the Cyclists' Touring Club, with its roll of 14,000 members, it can boast the biggest membership in the world; and, even in such new matters as motoring, it is doubtful if the automobile clubs detailed by Mr. Leigh do not show favourably against those of the pleasant land of France, where motoring had its birth.

In this matter of the making of clubs, if in nothing else, the Englishman is prompt to a degree. It is not so very many years since golf has been played to any great extent south of the border; yet Mr. Leigh can point to just upon 2,000 golf clubs. The English lady has only lately taken to "clubbing," but she has already ensconced herself in no less than 280 establishments, where her husband may only enter on sufferance as a visitor.

Indeed, Mr. Leigh promises that as soon as next year the directory will have to be enlarged to admit of the insertion of the Bridge clubs that are being already formed throughout the length and breadth of the country.

In the Uttermost Parts.

It is not, however, in England itself that one has best proof of the instinct for the creation of clubs that reposes in the English breast. Wherever the Englishman has arrived, there one may be pretty sure a club will arise after a week or so. Bulawayo, where within recent memory the "noble savage" disported himself, has now no less than seven full-fledged clubs to its credit. Honolulu has three, Smyrna four. Even Baghdad there is an English golf club, and also one at Benin, "the white man's grave" of the West Coast of Africa.

One may notice that of this particular club the annual subscription is 5s. and the membership twenty. Out of this substantial income of 55 a year one cannot but help thinking there must be rather a meagre salary left for the poor fellow who runs it!

One may add that Wei-hai-wei, however worthless it may prove as a strategic acquisition, has already developed two clubs, one of them possessing a membership of 1,000. Doubtless, the population have plenty of leisure, being well out of the way in case of war.

Enterprising but Unsubstantial.

Mr. Leigh includes, one may mention, a list of foreign and American clubs. Above the latter there is more enterprise and invention, perhaps, than there is about our own ones, but there are not many like the same evidences of substantiality.

Some of the statistics regarding the New York clubs are, in fact, distressingly suggestive. There is, for instance, a Church club, which opens its arms to all "baptised men." There is no entrance fee, and the subscription is only 10 shillings. Nevertheless it has only 450 members.

PLACES NOT VISITED BY COOK.

Baron Nordenskjöld, who left Southampton yesterday on an expedition to the unknown forests of Bolivia, anticipates some interesting experiences.

The study of "hostile Indian tribes" should be engrossing, not to say exciting, especially as Indians have a humorous way of lighting a gun on your chest when they have caught you. Of milder scientific interest will be the observation of Lake Titicaca, where Manchester excursionists have not yet penetrated.

This lake is even older than the hills (if the Andes can be called hills), and was at one time at the sea level. Now it is 12,000 feet high, which must be puzzling to the very old inhabitants of the region.

Among old inhabitants are the Arawacas, who worship the sun, represented by a wooden disc, and also bow the knee to white deities. These and other natives, who likely to be more than "passive resistors," but attempts will be made, according to Reuter, to "enter into friendly relations" with them.

NOT TAUGHT TO WRITE ENGLISH.

There is a sad wail in the "Faraday House Journal," the official organ of an institution which turns out our most promising young electrical engineers. It seems a man may know all about ohms, volts, ions, and electrons, and yet write a letter that would shame an office boy.

Lately an excellent young engineer was recommended from Faraday House for a good appointment. All he had to do was to write a formal letter applying for the post, giving a record of his experience in general terms.

To the astonishment of his instructors, they received a request that they should recommend another man, simply because the first applicant's note was too badly composed and written to justify his appointment.



THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

Though the Royal Family have been travelling upon the railway since railways were invented, not one of them has met with a serious mishap, either in this country or abroad. In England, in ordinary times, there has been practically no danger, save accident, to guard against, though the ordinary precautions are taken just as if there were Nihilists round every corner. Abroad, the British royalties do as Rome does, and the most absolute secrecy is observed with regard both to route and time. Often those in attendance are quite in ignorance of the arrangements till an hour or so before they are to be carried out.

On one occasion a little time ago, when certain members of the Royal Family paid a visit to Russia, they made a further concession to Continental customs and travelled as ordinary passengers, while the "dangerous element" were left to imagine that the party had gone by another train. Only the officials with them, or those specially on the look-out for them, knew who they were. Of course there were many detectives amongst these, and the indefatigable Inspector Melville, who retired the other day, was invariably close at hand. Whether by train or boat, he was always last in and first out, on the watch for danger.

The Duchess of Fife is not often seen at any public function, though she has of late greatly overcome her reluctance to appear in public. Always of a retiring nature, she was long ago christened by her family, "Her Royal Shyness." It is little wonder, therefore, that the poor of Marylebone deeply appreciated her visit last evening at their Christmas dinner and entertainment organised by the Church Army; and the very warm welcome that she and the Duke, who accompanied her, received testified to their pleasure in seeing her.

The Duke of Cambridge is the latest convert to a vegetarian diet, and, in spite of his large dinner-parties at Gloucester House. The outside of this residence is unadorned and somewhat gloomy, and consequently the value and beauty of its contents are comparatively unknown. Some of the pictures and old china are very precious, and the collection of snuff-boxes is practically priceless. The Duke clings to old traditions, and prefers lamps and candles to electric light, which has, therefore, not been fitted up in Gloucester House.

Among the bridesmaids to Princess Alice of Albany on February 10th will be the Prince and Princess of Wales's little girl and Princess Mary of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Teck's child. According to "Truth" there will be three processions—the Royal Family,



MISS CHARLOTTE BANKS.
Who marries Captain Rutledge to-day.
Photo by Thomson.

the King and Queen, and the bride—from Windsor Castle to St. George's Chapel. Those invited to the wedding will go by special train to Windsor, and then direct to the chapel.

After the ceremony the King and Queen and the Royal Family will lunch in the state dining-room, while the rest of the guests will be entertained in the Waterloo Chamber. The newly-married couple will later in the afternoon proceed by train to Hatfield en route for Brocket Hall, which has been placed at their disposal for the honeymoon by Lord and Lady Mount Stephen.

The most popular member of the Servian Royal Family is at the present time little



THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

[From a painting by Edward Hughes.]

Prince Paul, nephew of the King, and son of his brother, Prince Arsene Karageorgievich, who married a Princess Demidoff. The young Prince Paul is a bright, intelligent child with very decided views of his own on most subjects. About a month before the Servian Christmas he wrote round to his little friends begging of them to ask their parents to give them money in lieu of Christmas presents. This he urged them to send to the distressed children of Macedonia. Further, his zeal so fired some grown-ups that they helped him to get up a concert in aid of the same charity; all the performers were boys whose ages ranged from ten to sixteen years. The concert was so great a success that it is to be repeated. It was Prince Paul who expressed himself with such frankness to the regicide Colonel Mashin. Putting both hands behind him, he said: "I am greatly surprised to hear that you think you did a brave thing in killing King Alexander and Queen Draga. I think you deserve a worse fate, and no doubt the good God will punish you." He thereupon turned his back on the discomfited officer.

The Skating Fête and Ice Carnival in aid of the Union Jack Club will be held at Hengler's on February 4 instead of on February 11, as previously arranged, as the Prince and Princess of Wales find it impossible to be present on the original date.

Susan Lady Malmesbury and Sir John Ardagh are leaving London early this month for Egypt and the Nile. Sir John Ardagh has recently become a director of the Suez Canal and will attend to the business of the company while in Egypt. His wife, Susan Lady Malmesbury, is a tall, dark, handsome woman, and a brilliant conversationalist. Women's work, emigration, and now Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for fiscal reform are subjects which command her interest. She is on the Executive of the Women's Branch of the Tariff Reform League, and is one of the chief workers on the South African Expansion Committee.

Lord Charles Beresford has a great liking for the Chinese, and some thirty years ago actually employed a Chinaman as his valet, the latter in his pitgail and national costume making a sensation wherever they went. Lord Charles was never tired of telling his friends

how clever his servant was, and what a treasure he had found in him, while he especially dilated on the excellent hand he wrote, after comparatively little instruction from an English writing-master. Suddenly Lord Charles's "handy man" disappeared, and his master, who can enjoy a joke at his expense quite as well as at any other person's, confessed that such an adept in writing was the valet that he had several times got at his master's cheque book and forged his signature well enough to pass the bank. Beginning with small sums, success made him bolder, and he was "caught out" just in time to save a big sum. Since this episode the genial Admiral's admiration for the Chinese has been theoretical rather than practical.

By-the-bye, the old adage anent "sailors on horseback" does not apply to Lord Charles Beresford, who was a first-rate horseman; and if he never actually emulated his grandfather, Lord Waterford, who rode his hunter up and down stairs, he has done some clever tricks on horseback, and once rode in a steeplechase at Punchestown in which Lord Marcus Beresford and the late Lord William Beresford also took part, this being the only race on record in which three brothers—all "gentlemen riders"—competed.

The wedding of Major Heneage and Miss Gladys Cuthbert takes place to-day at Hexham Abbey, Northumberland. The bridegroom, who is in the 12th Lancers, is the second son of Lord Heneage. Miss Cuthbert is a sister of Captain J. H. Cuthbert, D.S.O., who last autumn married Lady Dorothy Byng, Lord Stafford's third daughter. The bride has been staying with her brother and sister-in-law at Beaufort Castle, their place in Northumberland, and will be married from there.

The tiny page whose beauty excited so much admiration at Lord Fincastle's wedding on Tuesday is grandson of the British peer whose proud privilege it is to wear his hat in the royal presence. This distinction was granted Lord Forester's ancestor in the time of Henry VIII. One Irish peer, Lord Kingsale, premier baron of Ireland, and the thirty-third of his line, holds this right also. It was gained by his valiant ancestor, Sir John de Courcy, in the reign of King John. The story goes that a French champion having been sent over to fight an English noble in single combat, this Irish noble was the only one able to meet him, and so terrible was the look of the doughty John de Courcy, that the French knight in terror fled from the field without attempting to strike.

A story was lately told how, when the Duke of Devonshire came across some objets d'art at an exhibition, he gazed at them in admiration and made inquiries concerning them, quite unaware that he himself had lent them from his collections at Chatsworth. Which remindsmethat Mr. Oscar Browning once told me that when the late Duke of Clarence was visiting him in his rooms at Cambridge he—the Duke—espied an engraving of a certain view of Windsor Castle hanging on Mr. Browning's walls, and exclaimed: "What a beautiful place! Where is it?" Mr. Browning explained that the view of Windsor was one with which the young Prince was unfamiliar; yet one coincidence is as strange as the other.

Many well-known people are interesting themselves in a grand café chantant to be held on Wednesday afternoon, February 3, at Kensington Town Hall, in aid of the poor of St. Mark's parish, North Kensington. Mr. Hayden Coffin is one of the distinguished artists singing, the White Viennese Band is to play, and other attractions are being arranged. Miss Wade, a prominent member of the hunting circle in North Bucks, is selling tickets (price 2s. 6d., including tea) at the Victoria Club, 145, Victoria-street.



MADAME CURIE.

To whom Sir Oliver Lodge gives the entire credit for the discovery of Radium.

The greatest interest has been aroused by the news that in New York Mme. Nordica is under police protection, for if ever a woman was without enemies it would have seemed that she was, for she is almost universally beloved, and many tokens of the esteem in which she is held have frequently reached her. She possesses an almost unique collection of gifts from Royalty downwards, the most valued of which, perhaps, is the diamond tiara given her by a number of American friends.

Many and varied have been Nordica's experiences since the day an old friend in her native city induced her to study singing, and

offered to advance the money to enable her to do so. She is very fond of relating, too, how, when in Italy, she was anxious to study "La Gioconda" with Ponchielli. She did not know him, and could persuade none of her friends to obtain an introduction for her, as the composer was a very stern and unapproachable person. So, taking her courage in both hands, she stopped him one day in the street and told him her wish, when, to her delight, he offered to teach her himself.

Some amusing incidents, too, happened during a recent concert tour in America. One night the party arrived in a town in which



MADAME NORDICA.

a very big concert was to take place. On alighting from the train they discovered no one about to direct them, no carriages or conveyances of any description, and dimly-lighted streets. Eventually, a man with a lantern consented to guide Nordica and her friends to their destination, when they found a splendid hall brilliantly illuminated and filled with a crowd of gaily-dressed people eagerly awaiting her. Mme. Nordica says the contrast after the darkness outside was one of the most striking she had ever seen.

Mr. Marconi is undoubtedly one of the busiest of men, and always going from one place to another, intent on furthering the great ambition of his life. Latterly he has been a great deal in Dorsetshire, his headquarters being at the Havan Hotel, at Parkstone. This week he is up in town, and next week I hear that he is expected in Devonshire on a visit to Lord and Lady Falmouth, in Cornwall. One of his principal stations in Cornwall will most likely come next in his tour of inspection, and he is due in Scotland (in Aberdeenshire) also very shortly. He is peculiarly devoted to motoring, and besides the magnificent car, a special gift of his Majesty the King of Italy, he owns a splendid Napier. Soon after this, and before Easter, he is due on a visit to one of his greatest admirers, the Prince of Montenegro, and a visit this year to the United States is on his long and varied programme.

The Austral Club, which at present is at 37, New Bond-street, is on the point of taking new and larger premises than it now enjoys. This club, which has Lady Lintilhgo as president, is proving, as was hoped, a centre of meeting for Australasian residents and visitors in London, and although it is not necessary for members to be Australasian by birth, if they have lived in that part of the Empire; have associations in it; or are in sympathy with its aims and objects, that is sufficient ground for application to membership. The Austral proposes to have social, literary, artistic, musical, philanthropic, and industrial sides to its work, and to become a permanent bond of union between Australasia and the Mother Country. Members are admitted as Associates, and among the honorary Associates are all the Agents-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

The picturesque army of Monaco is a thing of the past, Prince Albert I. having set the example to European Sovereigns of taking the first step towards the millennium of peace by disbanding his troops on the first of this month. Certainly the army only consisted of eighty men, whose sole duty was to mount guard at the Palace when the Prince was in residence, and on January 27 in each year to escort the procession of Sainte-Devote through the Principality. For the future the gendarmierie, which is to be increased, will serve as the Prince's body-guard.

I hear from Cannes that in consequence of the wet weather of the past three weeks the golf club was only open for play this week. Amongst those who have been playing are the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury, the Lord Chamberlain of Ireland, Lord and Lady Chesterton, and Miss Barbara Yarde-Buller. One foursome, which evoked great interest, was that in which the two Lord Chancellors were opposed to each other. Lord Halsbury proved himself as invincible on the putting-green as in matters more serious.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT at 8.
Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE GREAT VOYAGE.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box Office 10 to 10.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S.
MR. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE
on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, when the run of OLD
HEIDELBERG will be resumed.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

BRIDGE.—Hartn's Problem Diagram (Copyright).—Paid, 50 Diagrams, 1s. not free.—Barton, Collyhurst, Manchester.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.—Absolutely perfect natural, washable, permanent.

SIXK, sad, sorry, so, Locks without "Hind's Curls" go.

HINDE'S HAIR BOND, 6d. Essential new style coffee.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE POOR.

Our "Poorest of the Poor" fund, with which we help to alleviate the sufferings of the very poorest, is again quite exhausted. May we beg you to send us some assistance for our very extensive work among the destitute and starving? 6,000 men, women, and children sleep under our care nightly; thousands more are assisted daily by work, food, etc. 800 homeless wanderers are relieved nightly at 2 a.m.; but hundreds are turned away daily all through lack of means. Clothing and money are urgently needed. Please address help to

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, The Salvation Army Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

CORSETS.—DO NOT THROW AWAY

YOUR OLD FAVOURITES, when properly repaired they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR. We have special workrooms for CLEANING and generally RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets in three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if not agreed to we return corsets carriage paid.

J. ROSENBAUM and SONS, Corset Makers,
115, WESTBOURNE-GROVE, W., and branches.
Corsets made to measure in three days from 3s. 6d.
Please mention "Daily Mirror."

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

TOO OLD AT FORTY.

Situations in the commercial world to-day are impossible to the grey-haired. At forty one is rated too old. Yet saving grace is assistance. Acknowledged by the Medical, Nursing, Theatrical, Law, and Engineering, Literature, and Art professions, and the Navy and Army.

SEGEER'S is indisputably natural in shade, non-injurious to the hair, and washable. Its sale is TEN TIMES that of all foreign hair dyes collectively.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

SEGEER'S HAIR DYE.

All Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores, 2s. per bottle.

BIRTHS.

BRIGHT.—On Jan. 2, at West End Lodge, Pinner, the wife of F. W. J. Bright, of a daughter.

CAMPBELL.—On Jan. 5, the Hon. Mrs. Guy Campbell, of a daughter.

ELLIS.—On Jan. 3, at "Saxons," Radlett, Herts, Mrs. Arthur J. Ellis, of a son.

HEMELRYK.—On Jan. 4, 1904, at "Elm House," Gatesacre, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hemelryk, of a son.

LLOYD.—On Dec. 26, at Bristolock, Thrapston, the wife of S. J. Lloyd, of a son.

LYSLEY.—On Jan. 1, at 24, Onslow-square, S.W., the wife of William L. Lysley, Esq., of a son.

FRENCH.—On Sunday, Jan. 3, at Drentagh, Holford, the wife of Ernest French, Esq., of a son.

WOOD.—On Jan. 1, at The Beeches, Bolton, the wife of Henry Wood, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BULL-BRANDON.—On the 5th inst., at St. Peter's Church, Hammersmith, by the Bishop of Kensington, assisted by the Rev. J. S. Clementson, William James Bull, M.P., son of the late Henry Bull, Solicitor, sometime of the Indian Board of Control, to Lilian Hester, second daughter of Mrs. Brandon, of Oakbrook, Ravenshoe, park, and Heene, Worthing, Sussex.

FINCATTLE-KEMBLE.—On Jan. 5, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, by the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, assisted by the Rev. J. M. Villiers, Vicar of the parish, Capt. Alexander Edmund Kemble, of the Buffs, and Miss Lancers, to Lucinda Dorothy Kemble, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Kemble, Knock, Isle of Skye.

DEATHS.

BANBURY.—On Jan. 4, at 80, Cadogan-square, Cecilia Laura Banbury, widow of Frederick Banbury, in her 78th year.

BURNS.—On Dec. 28, 1903, at Streatham-common, Fanny, widow of the late Mr. George Burns, of Belmont Hall, North Staffordshire, aged 84 years.

DAWSON.—On Jan. 4, at 28, Sussex-square, Hyde-park, John Dawson, in his 100th year.

JAMESON.—On Jan. 5, 1904, at Eastella, Robert Jameson, in his 77th year. No flowers, by request.

LOWDES.—On Jan. 1, suddenly, at Queen Ann's gate, London, Frances Hope Lowdes, youngest daughter of the late William Cebra Hoff, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., and widow of Alfred S. Lowdes, Esq., of Oxford, aged 63 years.

MARRIOTT.—On Nov. 19, 1903, at Toka Toka, Northern Waikato, New Zealand, Montague Weatherley Marriott, late of the Exchequer and Audit Office, Somerset House, and Lieut. in the 11th Service Battalion Rifle, aged 55.

PRITCHARD.—On Jan. 5, Mary Baron Bishop, widow of the late Henry Pritchard, formerly of 298, Camden-road, London, N., in her 64th year.

ROBERTS.—On Jan. 4, at 10, Greville-place, St. John's-wood, Harriet Roberts, aged 84, for many years Matron at the Ladies' Home, Tottenham.

TURNER.—On the 3rd inst. at the residence of his son-in-law, Walter Scott, Goodstock, St. Anne's-on-sea, William Turner, Esq., of Over Hall, Cheshire, and Trevelack, Beaumaris, in his 79th year.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.
TELEGRAMS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 23, Rue Taibout.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 14d. a year (which includes postage, payable in advance); or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for a year, 39s. To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 9d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co., and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*."

To CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, the *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The Knell of Sport.

British game, it appears, is becoming extinct. Mr. William Cross is continually receiving orders for large quantities of red deer, partridges, and pheasants for the restocking of British preserves. Partly owing to the modern fashion in sport, which insists on the number of head of game killed, irrespective of its wildness or tameness, as the one test of success, and partly owing to long inbreeding, the British stock of game is rapidly exhausting itself.

We confess to regarding this circumstance with a certain amount of equanimity; our only regret is, indeed, that it should be thought necessary to counteract it by the importation of foreign game. Would it, seriously, be such a great misfortune if the annual slaughter of game in these islands was reduced? We say nothing about the time and money spent in such pursuits; but there is a very serious disadvantage in the custom of keeping large preserves in a country that is already overcrowded, and in which the need for more land for cultivation daily becomes more urgent. The secret of the future agricultural prosperity of England—if there is to be any—must be found in an abundance of small holdings—the very condition which the preservation of large preserves and deer forests renders impossible.

This is a practical argument against the artificial preservation of large quantities of game for the purpose of slaughter, and a much simpler one than those subtle ethical considerations which, however much of truth there may be in them, cannot in their nature make much appeal to people who like to rear tame birds for the purpose of slaughtering them. When the need for small holdings becomes much more acute than it is at present, the continued preservation of large tracts of land may be fraught with much graver consequences than appears at present.

THE PROTEAN CELT.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has, it is said, just consented to propose the "Immortal Memory of Bobbie Burns" at the forthcoming Burns dinner at Greenock. The little fact is felicitous in something more than the mere succession of "T. P." to a chair that has already supported Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Neil Munro through the trials and triumphs of a "nicht w' Burns." It is time an Irishman should arise to claim Burns, not so much as a Scotchman, but as a fellow-Celt. After all, Burns is immortal, not for any superficial Scotch qualities, but for his fundamentally Celtic nature. He was not "canny," he was not reticent, and "canniness" and reticence are the traditional characteristics of the Scotchman.

As a matter of fact, this tradition is entirely fallacious, though it is still extremely prevalent. The truth is, of course, that

your Scotchman is at heart the antithesis of what he seems. He is "canny" and reticent only in his relations with the Sassenach. Anyone, for instance, who has sat through a Burns dinner over the "barley-bree" until the small hours knows to what lengths and extravagances the tongue and heart of the Scotchman will carry him upon occasion. Accordingly if one were to call Burns a thoroughly Irish Scotchman, one would be only calling him a true and natural Celt—a Scotchman without the crust.

As to why the Irishman should thus be nothing more nor less than a Celt of a purer and less spoiled variety than the Scotchman—that is a long argument, and has probably fitted out more than one "Varsity prize-essay. Partly it may be because his religion and climate are both of them less rigorous, and partly because his history has seldom given him a chance of relying on anything else than his own natural genius. "Blarney" is his commodity only for want of anything more material.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A very old man—said to be the oldest subject of the King—has died at Brighton; and naturally (since he was in his 110th year) his death has drawn wondering attention to the length of his life. There has lately been a rush of enquirers for the recipe of longevity—people who, we fear, are doomed to disappointment when they find that no simple recipe for indulgence in or abstinence from any particular habit can confer upon them the questionable boon of length of days.

This particular old man, it seems, did not smoke tobacco, but ate largely of bacon and "swedes" in his youth; and these seem to be the chief data available as to his habits of life. They are not very enlightening. The last very aged person who died, if we remember rightly, had smoked steadily since his youth, and had always made a point of enjoying the pleasures, both liquid and solid, of the table.

It is strange that people should still think there is some elixir in this or that habit, which can insure them against the chances and changes of this mortal life; strange that, amid so much that is inscrutable and mysterious in lesser matters, they should conceive death himself to be subject to the control of their habits. He still remains the arbiter of his own coming, and not all our science or care can avert it, although we shut from our ears the sound of his footsteps.

SEASIDE GHOST.

Brighton Has a Spectre Which May Lead to a Libel Action.

Brighton is the last place in the world one would associate with ghosts, but residents there have been disturbed during the past month by the visitations of a spectre whose fighting proclivities are very pronounced.

Its principal residence is outside a nunnery on the old Shoreham-road.

It was first seen in December by a cyclist, who, riding past the nunnery wall, was horrified to find a filmy shape in nimble pursuit. He put on speed; the film responded; the cyclist rang his bell and shouted, but the spectral pursuer was not annoyed, and went on until a more populous road was reached.

Since then the ghost has been seen in many guises. Once, while springing after a pedestrian, it was turned upon, and immediately vanished into a solid brick wall.

One cyclist saw the spectre near Patcham, with attendant scenery in the shape of an ivy-clad tower. Sceptics asked what the cyclist had had for supper.

Some members of a local golf club volunteered to probe the mystery with niblicks. If the niblicks went through the ghost they decided it would be time to run. The raid has not come off yet, and the ghost still persists.

It is even making a libel action imminent. Some well-meaning "ghost-layer" suggested that the spirit came from a ghostly, well-to-do, neighbouring boy's school, and proposed an enquiry among the boys. The headmaster of the school has written to the papers, is searching for the libeller, and threatens proceedings on sight.

HAPPY JAPANESE "TOMMY."

The private householder in Japan has to be very respectful to the Japanese Tommy Atkins who is billeted upon him. Regulations issued for the coming military manoeuvres provide that every comfort must be provided for the soldier-lodger. Following are a few examples:—

The inside and outside of houses are to be thoroughly cleaned.

The master of the house must remain at home.

The bath must be prepared early, and none of the family must use the bath before the soldiers.

Boiling water or tea must be always ready at night.

Where legs, etc., of soldiers are directed they must be washed and dried by the occupants of the house.

The Perfidy of Petronilla.

I see someone has been recommending the German servant's "character-book" system again. Deluded mortal! The memory of Petronilla rises from the mists of the past.

We were wintering in a fashionable "cure-place" in South Tyrol. I advertised, according to local usage, for "a girl for everything—who can also cook," and Petronilla presented herself. She was a fresh-looking girl, with that gracefully respectful manner which is the inborn gift of all Austrians. Her dress was almost too elegant in its cut, though perfectly plain, her apron was irreproachable, and she carried on one arm a covered basket, from which she produced the fateful book, wrapped carefully, for its better preservation, in several layers of newspaper.

With growing satisfaction I perused the eulogies therein set forth. All of them, from the contribution of Gräfin Anastasie Buxbaum-Wiesenthal, born Fürstin, Californian, down to the testimony of Frau Bahnhofsinspektor Meyer, vouched in glowing terms for her honesty, sobriety, cleanliness, willingness, and so forth, through the whole gamut of perfection.

Doubts Disarmed.

In face of such conclusive evidence as to her virtues, not only signed by such impeccable witnesses, but further legalised by the stamp of the K.K. Gendarmarie and details as to the age, birthplace, and parentage of the said Petronilla Rimmel, I could do no less than jump at such a treasure. Petronilla kissed my hand with effusion, promised that the "gracious lady" should find her "a right obsequious and obedient servant," and left me rejoicing at my luck in securing her services for a mere trifle of twelve gulden per month.

This is the story of Petronilla's green book.

The sequel is sad, but "over true."

When Petronilla's daily account failed to tally with the tradesmen's books I remonstrated gently, and she disarmed me by perpetrating an open jam tart garnished with "Miss" in pastry flourishes.

When I missed several ten-shilling notes, and spoke to her on the subject, she flung her apron over her head and wept with such outraged innocence that I apologised, and gave her an old fan for the approaching servants' ball. With the officially-guaranteed book to back her she successfully persuaded me to ignore the evidence of unkind facts.

The Horrid Truth.

Then one morning she gave notice, in order to return, she said, to a former employer, "Herr Major" So-and-so, who had sent for her from Salzburg. She went. Next day I missed a valuable brooch. Further search showed fearful gaps in drawers and cupboards. Petronilla had taken her pick of my wardrobe, presumably to dazzle the eyes of the Herr Major's subordinates.

In hot haste I sped to the police station. Two impressive officials heard my tale. Two bristly heads wagged in solemn sympathy; ponderous books were consulted; duty filed produced. Then, "There is no such person as Petronilla Rimmel known to us," was the verdict. Alas! for the benefits of police supervision. Petronilla, "service-book" and all, had "sought the far-off," there to ruffle in my silk petticoats and lace collars.

Perhaps my experience was exceptional. But I am afraid that among those who have trusted blindly to such fair appearances as are furnished by the "service-book" system there must be many a "hausfrau" who could unfold a like tale of woe.

SOLUTION FOR THE COTTON DIFFICULTY.

The necessity of England making a more practical study of her position with regard to the cotton industry than she has done in the past is very strongly insisted upon by Sir Alfred Jones in a letter to the "Times" yesterday.

The remedy for the present state of affairs in the cotton territory.

"I have," he says, "most satisfactory reports on the possibilities of cotton growing from both the West Indies and West Africa, and also on the possibilities of largely increasing the present supply from Egypt and India."

"But what troubles me is that we do not take the thing up in a sufficiently energetic manner."

STRONG IDEAS OF FILIAL DUTY.

The Hungarian idea of filial conduct is at least thorough. A woman at Buda-Pesth appealed to her son to deliver her from the brutalities of her second husband, who was in the habit of beating her.

The son, armed with an axe, sought the room where his step-father was sleeping, and mortally wounded him. He told his mother she was free from her tormentor, and then gave himself up to the police, saying he had committed the crime for love of his mother.

OVERWHELMED AUTHORITIES.

The authorities are at their wits' end in dealing with the applications for registration and licences under the new Motor Car Act. So numerous are the applicants that it is impossible to cope with them immediately, and proceedings are to be taken with regard to cars that are still on the road unnumbered.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

TWO IMPRESSIONS AND A RETROSPECT.

Oh, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?
How strange it seems, and new!

Browning's lines are inevitable when one has seen George Meredith and listened to his splendid voice. Every literary generation has its hero. The early Victorian poet looked up and saw Shelley; near enough to be still human, far enough to be a demi-god. To-day it is George Meredith that one approaches for testimony, for the restatement of man's victory over circumstance. His work stands

there were fears, there were rumours. On Saturday I looked out on the ch  let and the cottage below Box Hill and wondered how he fared. On Sunday, going for a walk, and, not far from Leatherhead, I overtook a cart drawn by a shaggy donkey. The Master, a trifle greyer, a trifle older than before, was taking the air. Two little granddaughters ran or walked at his side, his faithful body-servant was in front.

Looking Backwards.

I joined the little group. An hour went all too quickly. Again I listened to the resonant voice, to the leader; and to-day it seemed to me that George Meredith was not so averse to letting the younger men do the fighting. He would sit at home and cheer them on and dream over old victories and hairbreadth 'scapes.

The mistletoe, high up in the trees, Vienna,

public that had waited so many years before learning his power—against it not a word. So does the sun regard this sorry world, content with its own splendour and the miracle of dawn.

A. K.

ECONOMICAL INSANITY.

If you are a lieutenant of the Reserves in the Austro-Hungarian Army you must either pay your gambling debts or produce a medical certificate showing that you are not entirely responsible for your actions.

A young man at Buda-Pesth (says Reuter) lost £12,500 to a member of the Hungarian Diet. His family refused to pay, and sent the prodigal to a sanatorium. Then a Court of Honour was suggested, and the family decided that, as their son was a soldier, they must submit to the military code. But, when a medical witness testified that the young man

"MON CHER CLARKSON."

MADAME BERNHARDT'S PERRUQUIER MOVING FROM OLD DRURY.

London's familiar landmarks are disappearing fast. Mr. "Willie" Clarkson, who makes wigs for every actor of repute, is the latest victim of Strand improvements. He is leaving the premises in Wellington-street, which his firm has occupied since 1833, and is going to new quarters in Wardour-street. The London County Council improvements are responsible for this change, which will give a sentimental pang to many.

Few outside of the theatrical profession realise the extent of the business of this "king of perruquiers," as Madame Sarah Bernhardt has dubbed him. Two hundred wig-makers are employed in fitting out the great artists of the stage, in making costumes for Covent Garden balls, and supplying the wants of the amateur actor.

Mr. "Willie" Clarkson, with his fluent French, his Quartier Latin style of dress, and his innumerable anecdotes, is one of the men who would emphatically be missed. There is none like him in England or France to make up an actor. He has innumerable letters from noted people of all nationalities telling "My dear Clarkson," or "Mon cher Clarkson," that he is their salvation. He has several times made up the faces of Royalty; he can pack an actress's natural locks neatly away in a stage wig; and his comic achievements are, as Mr. Cyrus Bantam would say, "re-markable."

Mr. Arthur Roberts once wore a Clarkson "head of hair" that grew in sight of the audience; and another wig allowed a stage savage to open his head and set fire to his brains.

Mr. Clarkson has even made up the faces of elephants and camels.

JAP THE GIANT KILLER.

THE OGRE AND THE LIGHT-WEIGHT AMONG NATIONS.

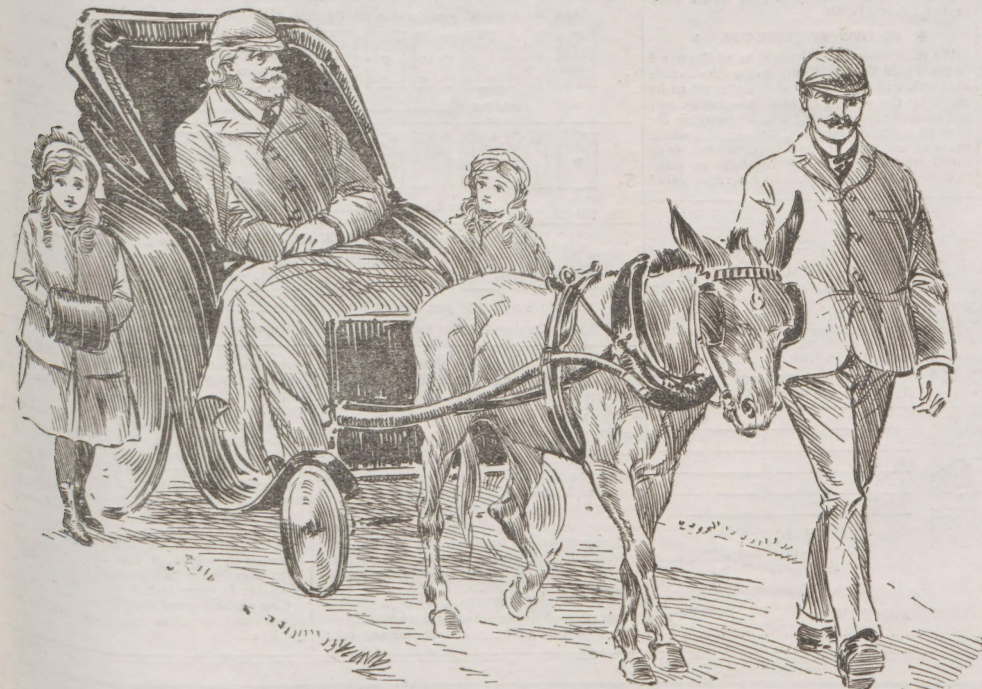
War between Russia and Japan means a conflict between the giant and the dwarf.

On one side of the ring stands Russia, the hulking empire of eight million square miles and 128,000,000 people; on the other side is Japan, alert and trained, the light-weight among the nations, with only 162,000 square miles and a population of 44,000,000.

When we compare the two armies we are again reminded of Jack the Giant Killer, for whereas Russia is reputed to be able to put into the field 4,600,000 men, Japan's army on a war footing only numbers 600,000.

The Russian army now in the Far East is not easily estimated, as the figures fluctuate, but it has been placed on good authority at 150,000.

On sea there is a different story to tell. The fine navy, the pride of Japan, which seems to have sprung into existence ready-made—as suddenly as the fabled beanstalk—consists of



MR. GEORGE MEREDITH AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY.

Sketched on the roadside near Box Hill.

for joy, for tragedy, for beauty, for laughter; yet no less for a great fidelity, a serene belief in the vision and purpose of his youth.

Before the spectacle of so steadfast a career, so arduous a patience, so signal a victory, the disciple must put away his doubts, come to new faith in himself, and smile at poverty and critical neglect. It is well to compare one-keen with the highest, inspiring to breathe the keen wind that pricks one on the summits. Before such an example, the easy success, the volume suddenly notorious, appear despicable, and mean. The narrow way, the steep ascent, the endless sacrifices, the long renunciation—these must be borne with; nay, welcomed; for out of the thorny pilgrimage alone, out of the never-ceasing conflict, are sprung the flowers of wisdom, strength, and power.

A Few Years Back.

With some such harmony whispering in my ears did I return to town last Sunday. I had seen the Master; he had stopped and spoken with me; I had spoken to him again. Strange, long cherished, hoped for wistfully, as one hopes for far and ultimate things.

I had seen George Meredith before, even exchanged a word with him, but on a crowded afternoon when, king-like, he sat receiving homage in the old garden at Box Hill.

That was some years ago, and the impression remains with me of a vivid and bright still carrying the fiery heart of youth under the easy blue shirt and suit of grey in which he sat. Ironical he seemed to me, yet moved at the same time—the humours of the scene were with him as was its essential reverence. A quick, nervous, eagle mind flashed through full, sonorous voice that ever and anon struck a note of almost tragic carelessness. He seemed always on the edge of a fierce interest in life; a veteran, scenting the battle from afar and reluctant to sit idle.

A Meeting on the Road.

Slight yet strong, with a face whose fineness of outline was coloured and made hardy by years of exposure to wind and weather, the black still dominant in hair and beard, I see him once more as he sat in his garden at the breeding of a portrait by Velasquez. Since then George Meredith has been ill;

the beauty of the Hungarians, the uses of journalism—he had written leading articles for Frederick Greenwood on the old P.M.G.—the intelligence of a Scotch terrier that ran beside us, walks and walking—he had loved to be out in the rain—Germany in the old days—he touched upon a score of topics, illuminating every one. And when it was time for him to turn—the two little girls were ready for lunch—we said good-bye. George Meredith had stopped and spoken with me and I had spoken to him again.

At Peace with the World.

What, more than any personal pleasure, I carried away from this meeting was the consciousness of a soul at peace with the world. The parasite-critics, who had neglected his writings, who had fawned upon him when time had done the work for which they drew a wage—against them not a word. The

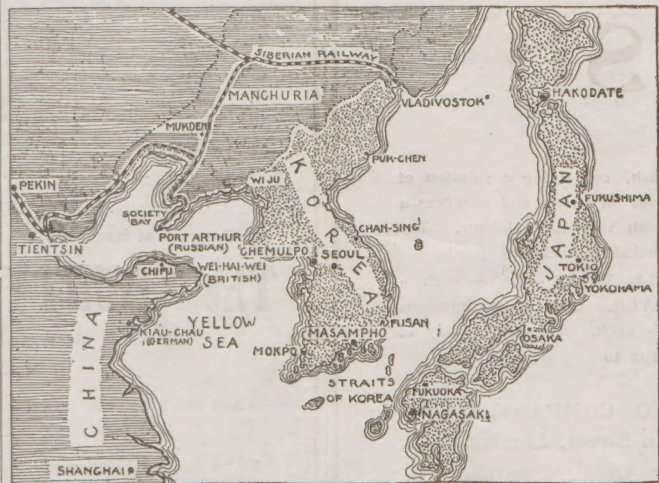
was irresponsible for his actions at the time of playing, the members of the court nominated by the family declined to parley further. The £12,500 is still unpaid.

WHALE-FARMING PROSPECTS.

The possession of a small aquarium containing several whales would be a sure means of making a vast fortune in these days—that is, if the whales' food did not cost too much in the time occupied in growing several tons of whalebone, to be sold for £3,000 each.

This useful commodity has been rising in price in recent years, and a quantity of it has just been sold in Dundee at the record price of £3,000 per ton.

The whale which produces the bone is now very scarce and difficult to obtain, and in consequence of the high price dressmakers and milliners are largely substituting flexible strips of steel for whalebone.



HOW THE LAND LIES.

A map showing the principal places mentioned in the dispatches from the Far East.



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

A diagram showing, in a striking manner, the enormous difference between the Russian and Japanese armies. The former country is estimated to be able to put in the field 4,600,000 men, while Japan's army on a war footing only numbers 600,000.

six battleships and eight armoured cruisers, of a total displacement of 157,000 tons, to mention the more important vessels.

The principal armoured ships in the Russian fleet in the Far East number eight (seven of which are battleships), with a gross tonnage of 95,000.

But mere figures prove little. That quality called "battletworthiness" and a hundred other points must be considered.

Fifty Prizes will be Awarded

AMONG THOSE WHO CORRECTLY FILL UP
THE BLANK SPACES BELOW.

NEW BRIDGE COMPETITION, BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH,

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers, with Pencils, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

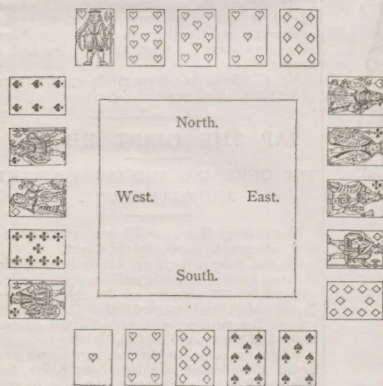
♥ WHAT IS A YARBOROUGH HAND? ♥
We notice a statement in a weekly contemporary that "the meaning of the term Yarrowburgh, as applied to a hand at Bridge, is a hand which does not contain any card above a ten." We do not much mind the grammar, but we protest against the misstatement of fact. A "Yarrowburgh hand" is a hand containing no card above a *nine*. The term is borrowed from the game of whist; it being on record that a former Earl of Yarrowburgh was always ready to wager £1,000 to £1 against the holding of such a hand in any named deal by any named player. The real odds being about 1,527 to 1 against, it is

evident that the noble lord had a very considerable advantage over an unwary acceptor of his offer, and it has been reckoned that, had he offered £1,000 to £1 to each member of a whist party for ten deals on each of 100 nights in each of ten years, he would have netted about £18,000.

DECISION BY PLEBISCITE.

We shall allow the adjudication of Coupon 2 in the Third Weekly Competition (the awards of which will appear on Monday next) to be made by the solvers themselves—not by any one individual solver, but by a majority, in the case of each declaration, among the whole mass of solvers. It may be conceded, once for all, that some of the declarations included in these little competitions are "border-liners"

COUPON No. 1.



IN THIS COUPON

hearts are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

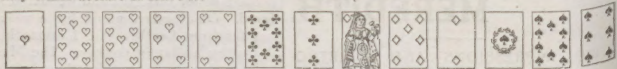
Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:
NS. win tricks.
EW. win tricks.


Name..... Address.....

COUPON No. 2.

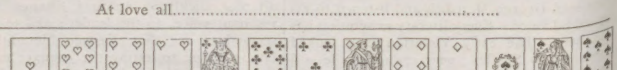
What would you do as Dealer, holding the three following hands at the specified scores? You may either declare or leave it:—

1. 

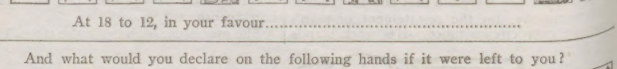
At love all.....

2. 


At love all.....

3. 


At 18 to 12, in your favour.....

4. 

And what would you declare on the following hands if it were left to you?

5. 

At love all.....

6. 

At love scored by you, against 1 game and 28.....

Assume the first game of the rubber, if nothing is said to the contrary.

of a very evenly-balanced character; but the method by plebiscite will at least satisfy the utilitarian test of "greatest happiness to the greatest number."

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES.

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and enclose them with Postal Order for One Shilling (crossed Barclay and Co.) to the "Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C." in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 4. On a separate sheet of paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any notes

you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover.

For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final. The Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming next in order of merit will each receive Half a Sovereign in Cash.

N.B.—All solutions must be posted so as to reach the office of the *Daily Mirror* not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 11th.

Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or their solutions will be disqualified.

A BRIGHT IDEA

is worth a fortune. Here's one for you. Stop cleaning your silver and plate in the old-fashioned troublesome way, and try a little

PLATO SILVER POLISH

a liquid metal polish, containing a solution of silver, which removes all stains and produces a brilliant surface with very little labour. Try Plato for your nickel and electro goods.

IT COVERS ALL WORN PARTS with a DEPOSIT OF SILVER. Contains no injurious acids. Bottles 1/- each. Get one to-day of your Grocer, or write to

THE PLATO COMPANY,
7, Waithman Street, London, E.C.,

who will see that you are supplied.

TO-DAY

The COUNTY GENTLEMAN

OFFERS YOU

Larger Acrostic, Photographic, and Quotation
Prizes than any other Newspaper in the World.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS ACROSTIC?

ACROSTIC No. 72. FIRST OF A NEW QUARTER.

Greeting to Solvers all, both far and near,
May this be yours, now and throughout the year.

I.
Bitter, indeed, add on, and then it's clear,
That quite eight pints of bitter may be here.

II.
Just fit it to a T.
Found this at once you see.

III.
True Grecian, if you please,
Who loved such games as these.

IV.
Not dark, but this; the day is growing weary.
Light up, and let us in it still be cheery.

The current issue of

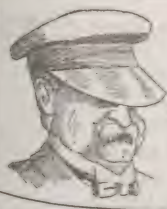
The COUNTY GENTLEMAN

gives you full particulars of this Acrostic.

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THE BOOM OF THE SILK HAT

A CHANCE FOR A GREAT AND MUCH-NEEDED REVOLUTION.

By AN ADVOCATE OF FREE HEADS.
"No," said the assistant at Lincoln and Bennett's, as I paid my yearly due, "it is certainly true that fewer and fewer people are wearing them; but as an emblem of distinction the top-hat holds a position that is as yet absolutely unchallengeable."

"And I'll tell you why. If you alter it you will have to alter everything. Everything else has been arranged to suit. The pantaloons, which followed; as you may remember, sir, the natural curve of the body was exchanged for the tubular trouser solely to be in keeping with the 'stove-pipe.'"

"The frock-coat grew straight, the collar stiff—all to be in harmony with the silk hat. The reason, even, why people came to cut their hair short was merely to set the silk-hat off to better advantage."

"I'm not saying," he continued, "that the time may not come for the silk-hat to be cast down from its high position. But you will have to wear long hair first, and knee-breeches and loose collars and hanging cuffs. As it is you cannot dethrone the top-hat. It is the basis of modern dress—I might almost say, sir, of modern civilisation."

The Terrorism of the Trade.

Now I regard this specious philosophy of the Lincoln and Bennett assistant as nothing more nor less than a piece of veiled terrorism. Even its logic is fallacious. I do not deny that the top-hat may not be the basis of this barbarous arrangement of cylinders that goes by the name of modern dress. One may admit, indeed, that the hat is quite the most important part of male apparel. You tell a

are doing. The "Panama" has, perhaps, failed to shake the top-hat upon its shining pedestal—the head of the elect—but its two rivals, the plebeian "bowler" and the hopeful Homburg, are beginning to sport around ominously, both in our shop windows and our streets.

They are taking to themselves colours and even feathers. They are to be found not only in brown but in green and purple; they are to be found not only in felt but in plush and in fur. In short, we have tasted variety and we are not likely to give it up. Even the motor-cap, look though it may like a squashed cheese-cake, is a move in the direction of freedom.

And most valuable of all in its suggestion of possibilities is the feather which has arrived with the Tyrolean hat. The portrait of King Edward in one of these—with the little black cock's feather at the back—is to be found in nearly every hatter's window in the West End. At present the trifling fact that the feather is jauntily set at the back instead of at the side or front seems to take off somewhat from that awe and majesty that is the traditional attribute of kings.

But I look to that feather's growing considerably before long. I look to its finishing up as a regular plume, and curving round the brim. And I would venture this statement, that when once some great soul is brave enough to walk down the West End with a real ostrich feather waving in the breeze the doom of the top-hat will be sealed from that moment.

Mr. George Grossmith, jun., to the Fore.

Nor are there lacking such courageous spirits. The feather has not yet been flaunted, but originality is none the less the order of the day. The other afternoon, for instance, Mr. George Grossmith, jun., might have been seen walking down Piccadilly in a costume that comprised a very shallow white bowler, a heavy black astrakhan overcoat, blue serge trousers, and brown boots.

Let us, then, not only applaud Mr. George Grossmith, jun.; let us rally round him in his championship of liberty. Away with this tyranny of the "topper," with all the ills of headaches and hideousness to which it makes us heirs! Let us look forward to a bright future, when a head-dress variegated and vigorous shall inspire our hearts with a lightness and buoyancy that was unknown to a top-hatted generation.

For there is an amazing relation between the hat and the heart. I once knew a man who worked in an office in the Strand, and who, when he felt a fit of the dumps coming on, used to put on a yachting cap and take a walk on the Embankment, returning as invigorated as if he had had a month's cruise.

There is, indeed, no end to the chances of a reform in national spirit that would result from the introduction of real character, if not beauty, in the hat. There can be no doubt at least that we should

all take a keener interest in the great question of the day if only we could, like our forefathers of King Charles's day, assert our principles with our hats.

What impetus it would give, for instance, to Mr. Chamberlain's cause if the hats of his supporters were permitted even the semblance of an orchid! One could imagine a really saucy hat decorated with a woolly "loaded revolver" putting fierceness and determination even into Mr. Balfour's features.

As for that great pioneer of the anti-"topper" crusade, Mr. James Keir Hardie, one cannot but believe the achievement of such a feather in his cap would do away with all that characteristic melancholy of his and transform him into a veritable "Sunny Jim."

"Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men" and "Brer Rabbit," which are being played to the capacity of the house every afternoon, will not, as is generally supposed, finish at the Court Theatre on Saturday next. The booking already extends well into February.

WHERE THE BIBLE CAME FROM.

400 YEARS OF OXFORD PRINTING.

There is something that induces positive reverence as well as admiration in the "Chart of Oxford Printing," which has just been compiled by Mr. F. Madan, of Brasenose College. The Cambridge "fresher" is still traditionally encouraged, by the architecture of his university's printing-house and the assurances of his friends, to believe that it is a church; and there still lingers legends about his having been known to wait upon the doorstep for the service to begin. But the Oxford man has, in the Clarendon Press, something which, in

Bible was printed in 1675; he tells how it took seven years to sell 400,000 Bibles in the early years of the nineteenth century, and how, when the Revised New Testament was published in 1881, upwards of a million Oxford copies were sold on the first day.

LADY JEUNE ON DRESS ALLOWANCES.

SOME POINTS ON PIN MONEY.

The question of how much a girl should have as an allowance for dress is one that is perpetually vexing the maternal heart in these days, writes Lady Jeune in the "Ladies' Field."

The happy days of simplicity, when a muslin frock and a pink sash for the evening and a simple morning gown were all that a girl required or was expected to wear, are passed and gone, and we have a multiplication and elaboration of toilettes which are absolutely bewildering in their rapid succession. Dress, like everything else in these days, has completely altered, and the standard of dress is likewise. What was considered suitable and becoming twenty years ago would be obsolete and impossible to-day, and a well-dressed woman of that period would to-day be looked on as démodé. Thirty years ago five or six hundred a year was a good allowance for a married woman who went much into society. Nowadays it would hardly pay for her petticoats, gloves, shoes, and boots.

Some years ago I asked a woman, well known and of the highest rank, what she considered a sufficient sum to dress well on, and she told me that when she married in 1840 she had three hundred a year, and was considered to have very handsome pin-money. How many women that we know and see every day in London would try to dress on that sum? It would be impossible, and hardly anyone who goes into society could dress on double that amount.

In proportion, a girl now requires just as much more than girls did thirty years ago, when material, flowers, lace, and all the etceteras of dress are half the price they were then. Girls thought themselves well off with eighty pounds a year; a hundred pounds was an enormous allowance, and very few girls had as much.

If we take the average allowance of the girls who go out a great deal, and who live in a set where they must always be smart, the girls whom we meet four or five times a week at balls, and who go out a good deal during the year in the country, it will probably range from £150 to £200 a year.

One cannot but say, however, that the marvel about this and other specimens of the Oxford printing of four centuries ago was its clearness, neatness, and—in comparison with the characterless "characters" of to-day's broad-sheets—beauty.

The Oxford dons of the fifteenth century had, indeed, a lighter task than some of their continental contemporaries. In these days one can hardly imagine what poor old Erasmus, for instance, must have gone through, working for fourteen hours a day.

A Waistcoat Pocket Shakespeare.

How well the Oxford Press has kept up the excellence with which it started five centuries ago is aptly enough shown by an exquisite little edition of Shakespeare just published from that house. It is in three tiny volumes, not much bigger than such as may be got into the waistcoat pocket, yet as clear and easy to read as a family Bible, each of them costing only 3s. 6d.

Mr. Madan, by the way, adds to his "chart" a delightful chapter on the "annals" of the Oxford Press. He tells there how it gave to England its oldest still-existing newspaper—the "Oxford Gazette"—which originated during the Plague and is now known to official fame as the "London Gazette"; he tells how Oxford printing presses were busy with royal proclamations and what not throughout the Civil War. He tells, too, how the first Oxford



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more ways than one, actually does deserve veneration as much as many churches.

Apart from the millions of Bibles that it gives yearly to the world, the great Oxford Press can boast an antiquity that is, if dates speak true, without rival in England. For Mr. Madan's "Chart" presents in beautiful fac-simile a page from the first book ever printed at Oxford—a commentary by St. Jerome on the Apostles' Creed—which is dated 1468. It is thus pre-Caxtonian, for Caxton's first date was 1477.

A Dispute About Dates.

Mr. Madan leans to the opinion that someone was not telling the exact truth upon that time-worn old title-page. But, surely, even a printer would hardly begin a commentary on the Apostles' Creed with a taradiddle. And besides, they can hardly have looked forward to the time when people would be quarrelling about a year or two.

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The feather has not yet been planted, but there is still hope.



WHAT IT MIGHT COME TO.

"I say, old man, is my hat on straight?"

well-dressed woman by her feet. You tell a well-dressed man by his hat. But the top-hat is not necessarily to be commended on that account. "Wear a good hat," sang the poet.

Wear a good hat, the secret of good looks lies with the beaver in Canadian brooks.

Wear a good hat, certainly; but as for the beaver being responsible for good looks, he is responsible for just the opposite. He is as like his neighbour as one stick of liquorice is like another, that stalk down Bond-street in winter frost and summer sun.

King Edward and the Feather.

Above all if the top-hat is the basis of modern dress it does not for a moment follow that we must change other things first. On the contrary, it means that if we are to do anything we are to attack the top-hat itself, at once, and boldly. And that, with all due reference to you, good assistant, is what we

Brown and Polson, Dept. B 69, Fair
closing a 1d. stamp—[ADVT.]



WHISPERS OF COMING NOVELTIES IN WRAPS.

The great sartorial world is shaken to its very foundation over the fashioning of the coat of the early spring. And, we may premise with much reason that there will thus be a great catholicity of choice, alike in form, colouring and material.

That the close-fitting back is prepared to find a large share of approbation is a foregone conclusion. The eye has confessedly grown a little weary of the loss of outline, notwithstanding the elegance of the beautifully-cut saques and kimonos, which will continue to reign, though more for specialised than general occasions.

Decorative Details.

Assuredly during the first spring days, when every woman's heart goes out to neat tailor-made effects, will the shapely coat find favour. And it is rumoured of these that velvet and braid are likely to fight in gentle rivalry for first decorative place on the coat of cloth. Velvet-covered buttons, together with those of a more elaborately embroidered "genre," are likely to prove a conspicuous feature, while ingeniously disposed folds, stitched with immaculate precision and replete with mystery to the uninitiated, long shoulder effects and let it be speedily whispered that their great width is slightly subsiding into more complete suitability to the costume of ordinary wear—are among the distractions of the immediate future.

The Untrimmed Neck.

A considerable amount of originality continues to pervade the finish of the neck of all coats, the alliance of collar and rever being an almost unknown quantity. But as the season creeps on there is every prospect of the somewhat trying severity of the entirely untrimmed neck giving place to certain ornamental features of the collar and stole order.

Several well-known couturiers are essaying the success of voyant-coloured cloth coats, a beautiful rich Bishop's purple, piped and trimmed with velvet of a like glorious hue, being privileged to accompany a skirt of palest grey cloth. Of "vert ancienne" cloth is a model of great charm, fashioned with collar, cuffs, and buttons of black velvet, a tight back, and double-breasted fronts of a semi-fitting nature.

For the immediate moment is the model pictured on this page, a delightful wrap made of chinchilla cloth, edged with silk galon, into which much tarnished silver is introduced. Worn with a grey felt hat, bound with silver, and completed by a soft grey feather and the latest notion in veils, this makes a promenade scheme that is eminently suitable for January.

SHOPPING WITH A SHORT PURSE.

HINTS TO HELP THE IMPECUNIOUS.

The woman of a moderate dress allowance will be wise to follow in the wake of Dame Fashion, literally, purse in hand, nay, more; if before starting forth on shopping bent she



Hat for a girl of seventeen, of rough brown beaver and trimmed with a blue bow.

The Cult of the Coat.

By MRS. JACK MAY.

brings out of that selfsame "short" purse the identical sum she has it in her mind to spend, and makes a note of the amount on a slip of paper.

The next step is to make a list of the actual articles required, blouses, skirts, millinery, frills, and furbelows, and all the 101 accessories to the wardrobe of a chic woman. Against these various items should be set the

cab or equipage. On a fine day that desirable picture hat would look lovely at an afternoon reception; but supposing it to be wet the choice lies between ruining one's finery or stopping at home. The alternative of sallying forth in one's second best with the annoying consciousness that it scarcely does justice to the occasion is rarely chosen. In view of such



A handsome Coat and Muff, made of chinchilla cloth, with tarnished silver galon trimmings.

maximum price that can be afforded for each. The reason for the maximum price is obvious when it comes to adding up the total, which should then, even at the height of anticipated extravagance, compare favourably with the sum which has previously been brought forth from the altogether too shallow depths of the before-mentioned short purse.

Supposing, however, it should exceed that very inelastic sum—and very often the first list of what one imagines to be absolutely indispensable additions to the season's wardrobe almost doubles the means at disposal—then each item must be carefully considered by itself, and eliminated, if possible, or replaced by a cheaper substitute until the amount originally settled upon has consented to embrace immediate needs at least.

Perhaps this may necessitate giving up a new silk jupon in favour of a smart alpaca skirt with silk frills, which is designed to economise in two directions; the initial cost is less, and it wears longer. Perhaps a picture hat with delicate sweeping ostrich plumes is coveted, and this means that an understudy in the shape of a second hat must figure in the list, for autumn fogs, to say nothing of inevitable rains, would quickly work havoc with such dainty headgear, which would be moreover only suitable on comparatively few occasions.

The short purse cannot always go dressed in its best, for the reason that it cannot always be made to include the necessary

contingencies a felt hat trimmed with shaded leaves, flowers, or ribbon, will, if not as picturesque, be in its own way just as charming and certainly more serviceable, being a match for all weathers and equal to most occasions.

The secret of being well dressed is in being suitably dressed, suitable not only to the particular occasion, but to one's general surroundings in life. Your white cloth gown may be very elegant and appropriate to the wedding reception you intend to grace, or to pay afternoon calls in, but if you cannot afford the mode of locomotion that befits it, better far have one of sable hue, which may be as handsome as you please, and will yet appear without ostentation within the precincts of a bus or a third-class railway carriage. On arriving at your destination you will not be less well dressed because more quietly dressed than others, and you will probably have been spared a feeling of discomfort and anxiety on your journey thither.

Certainly on our shopper's list one or more blouses will have been set down, and here let me say that in choosing blouses, other than those of velvet or satin, it is by no means a necessary economy to select a dark or dull colour. Pale and light shades are infinitely more becoming to the majority of people, especially in material such as flannel, nun's veiling, and delaine, and as these all wash no extravagance is committed by selecting dainty patterns when two similar blouses are being chosen to supplement each other. A red or dark blue flannel blouse would hardly be



tolerated even in the country for afternoon home wear, but buy at exactly the same prices two delaine blouses, with tiny pale blue or green rings on a cream ground, and you will be daintily attired enough for unexpected visitors, and your thoughts will not need to fly to your best silk blouse lying upstairs in the bottom drawer of the spare bedroom.

AN IMPORTANT SALE.

BOOTS AND SHOES AS USEFUL BARGAINS.

A most advantageous sale of footwear is being held by the Mayfair Shoe Co. at 9, Vere-street, an establishment, although only of a few years' standing, which has contrived to win the confidence of an exceptionally large and appreciative clientèle. The goods supplied are exclusively of first-class quality, the actual stock being built by the best West End workmen, who use handwork throughout; wherefore is the guarantee a safe one that only the best is procurable.

The company, in fact, is quite a unique venture in its way, and, with no wish to draw insidious comparisons, its rival has yet to come. One of their best known established successes is the glacé kid Greek shoe with Louis XV. heel, the very perfection of a smartly-cut light walking soulier, usually sold at 21s., but reduced to 15s. 6d. during January; while a sturdier quality, Oxford shape, nicely brogued, is being offered as a noted line at 9s. 9d., the ordinary price being 14s.

And, additionally to these reductions on existing stock, all special orders given during the sale, if prepaid, will be subject to a substantial discount; and the company, moreover, wish it to be clearly understood that during the sale no goods can be entered, as the prices are merely lowered to achieve a quick turnover. The explanation is quite frank, and carries conviction.

DELECTABLE BISCUITS.

Millions of people are already aware of the merits of Triscuit and the shredded wheat biscuit, but since there may still be a few who are strangers to their joys, let the fact speedily be mentioned that free samples will be sent to those who write for them to Messrs. C. E. Ingersoll, 46, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.

At breakfast or supper; indeed, at any meal, the shredded wheat biscuit is an excellent addition, eaten with milk or, still better, with cream. With stewed fruit they are also most appetising, and not only that but exceedingly nourishing as well. Children are particularly fond of both types of biscuit.

Triscuit is a thinner biscuit than shredded wheat, and is intended to be eaten with butter, instead of bread or toast. One of the special excellencies claimed for Triscuit, which is a delightfully crisp biscuit, is that it requires to be thoroughly well eaten, thereby securing perfect digestion. Both Triscuit and shredded wheat are most carefully and scientifically made so as to secure the most complete nutrition, and can be highly recommended to every housewife.



A graceful Model of gauged purple panne bordered with sable.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XLI.

"Ah!" Sir John's eyes sparkled. "The Brera!"

"I could only give a day to pictures," continued the priest, "because I had to make several official calls. I hardly had two hours for the Poldo-Pezzoli. By the way, do you know Renshaw has decided that that cassone panel of your kinsman, Lord Clowes, is a genuine Mantegna?"

"The Triumph of Hannibal?"

"Yes."

"And he and I have been together day after day for weeks, and he never so much as mentioned it," exclaimed the Baronet, warmly indignant. "The man doesn't deserve to have a picture. So Renshaw has at last come round to your view—eh?"

"Yes. I thought you'd have heard. You see, it will be yours one day, I suppose," he added, and then stopped abruptly, for the remembrance of other things flashed across him.

But the other man had forgotten. They talked of little else that afternoon but pictures. Theirs was a strange friendship.

Before it was time to dress for dinner Father Lyle had met Philip and Martia, Lord Clowes, and Lady Dexter, and Jacqueline Stern. There only remained of the little coterie Claudia, and she was perhaps the one whom Patrick Lyle most wanted to see. She had always interested him, as serious people were bound to do, whether their views and outlook on life coincided with his or not. Claudia had roundly attacked that outlook of his on more than one notable occasion, and he had always gently vanquished her; at any rate, to his own satisfaction, a task which he had found easy, because in her he was not dealing with a "Quo Vadis."

He met Claudia after dinner. She was flurried and preoccupied, and started by telling him that she was in the midst of packing and that she would probably be up all night, if they were to get away by the morning train.

"I am so sorry you are leaving to-morrow," he said. "I have been looking forward to a long and bitter argument with you, and perchance a game of billiards. I thought you would be staying here much longer."

Claudia shrugged her graceful, sloping shoulders, and made a quaint little grimace. "Needs must when the devil drives," she laughed.

"Who is the devil in this case?" asked the priest.

"Money and mother," she answered. "We aren't rich enough to stay any longer. Torhampton, retrenchment, and reform are the orders. But how I envy you, Father Lyle, going on to Rome. Rome! Ah, can't you take me with you and put me in a nunnery on the Aventine?"

"I am afraid you would never do for a nun," he said, smiling whimsically. "The world would never let you go, you know."

"I'm not so sure," she rejoined, quite seriously. "I'm not very much in love with the world just now. It has played me a dirty trick lately. No, I am not feeling very charitably disposed towards the world, Father Lyle; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if I discovered, after all, that I had a vocation. Now, of course, you are pretending that you are shocked—eh?"

"Oh, dear no. Only it seems rather hard on the Church just to come to her out of spite, doesn't it?"

"What difference does it make? Any means to an end! You see, I confound you out of your own mouth. Oh, I think you Jesuits are splendid humbugs." She laughed merrily. Father Lyle joined in her laughter.

"I don't fancy, however," he said, "that you are likely to cut off your nose to spite your face, Lady Claudia, especially such a very fine nose and such a very beautiful face."

"Thanks, your reverence. What do you want?" She made a mock obeisance laughingly. "By the way," she added, quickly, "I had a curious dream about you the other night. I have just remembered it."

"A dream about me?" exclaimed the priest. "Yes," she said, "a most curious dream, and who shall say it was not a prophetic vision? I dreamed that I was in Rome, in St. Peter's. A vast throng of people were prostrating themselves before the Pope, and—"

"Yes, and then?" Father Lyle interrupted her. He had suddenly become curiously pale and excited.

"And then? Well, I saw the Pope's face, and it was yours. Behold, you were Pope! But whatever is the matter, Father Lyle? I hope I haven't—haven't said anything I ought not to have said."

"No, no," he answered a little jerkily, a little huskily, "only—well, it was a strange coincidence, that is all. Of course, that is all." He brushed his hand across his eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You speak so curiously. What is the coincidence?"

"Oh, it is nothing," he answered with forced carelessness. "It is ridiculous; only, when I heard you say that, I—well, I was a little upset. Just at first sight it seemed uncanny."

"How provokingly mysterious you have suddenly become. Surely you are not vain enough to imagine that, just because I dreamed you were Pope, you are going to be a Boniface the Twelfth-Second or a Pius the Seventeenth, or—no, of course you would be original. You would be Peter the Second, wouldn't you?"

"What I meant," said the priest, ignoring her light-hearted banter, "was that only a few days ago someone—a woman—had the same dream, in fact she—well, she told it to me in the same words. For the moment it seemed as if I were listening to her. A most curious feeling. Forgive me if I appeared embarrassed. A coincidence, of course; nothing more. Only rather curious."

"Who was the woman?" asked Claudia, now intensely interested. "It is really quite romantic. Do you think I've seen a vision? Will they make us saints? Do tell me her name."

"She's a poor woman," said Father Lyle, "a woman who has been through much trouble. I have lately been trying to help her to tide it over. She has been very ill indeed. We need not trouble about her name. You would not know it, and—well, perhaps she would not like me to tell it to you."

"How annoying you are, and how horribly mysterious!"

Father Lyle smiled his rare smile of gentle, benign superiority. "After all," he said, "it can't make any difference. She is a Serbian, and her name is Vera Mijatovitch."

"Vera Mijatovitch!" The words repeated themselves automatically on Claudia's lips. She had suddenly gone as white as paper. Vera Mijatovitch! His wife!

She stared blankly into space, her brain reeling under a myriad wild, incoherent thoughts.

Father Lyle was not looking at her, so he did not see the change that the mention of the name wrought in her. His thoughts just then were very far away. He was thinking of the other woman, the strange, chaotic creature whom he had plucked as a brand from the burning, for whose life and reason and regeneration and future he had fought as he had never fought for anything before, led on by some invisible power and influence.

Vera Mijatovitch was still at the home in Wembley, still one of the doctor's most interesting and instructive cases, still, in his eyes, hopeless. But she was another woman to the one who had been brought there some weeks ago from Charlotte Hill a raving maniac. The course of treatment to which she had been subjected had wrought a great change in her, so great a change as to materially affect the doctor's theories on miracles. Clothed and in her right mind, though still under strict surveillance and scientific régime, Vera Mijatovitch remained, for the present at any rate, a willing inmate of the Wembley establishment. Of course, at any moment, she could demand her freedom, and go out into the world again to work out her own rise or fall as she chose. No one could prevent her. She lived in a free country, a country which only checks sin when it affects a second person, but leaves the individual complete license to sink or swim, to live or die.

She had, as a matter of fact, insisted on this right some two or three weeks ago, as soon as she was able to realise the position clearly. They had no right to detain her, she protested, and demanded to be set free. The doctor diplomatically prevaricated and telegraphed for Father Lyle, who promptly answered his summons.

"She is quite well legally," said the doctor, "and is entitled to walk out of this place and go into the first public-house she comes to, and undo all the good we have done. We can't stop her. This is, as she insists, a free country. What is to be done?"

"I will have a talk with her," said the priest. "She won't let you," responded the doctor. "You won't be able to get a word in edgewise. You have no idea how she can talk."

"We shall see," said Father Lyle confidently. "Is she locked up?"

"In a way," admitted the doctor. "She has the run of the house, but she could not get out of it. That is a condition of affairs that must not last any longer. She may make a fuss, and I can't afford any legal trouble. It would ruin me."

"Quite right. From now she must have perfect liberty to walk out of your front door. I shall tell her so. Please see that my words are not vain, in case she takes me at them. By the way, has she attempted to escape?"

"Possibly—that is, I suppose she has, since she protests against being kept a prisoner."

In self-defence, I had to tell her that I was responsible to you, and that I was wiring for you, and that her unwilling detention would not last long."

"Yes. And what did she say?"

"Humph! Well, she spoke rather disrespectfully of you. But it does not matter. You go in and fight it out. She is in the library, writing a letter to the 'Times.' I see trouble ahead," added the doctor, apprehensively.

"She is no ordinary woman, this, and she has that Southern temperament which always troubles me. I should think she might, if she wanted to, take a singularly unpleasant sort of revenge. However, go in to her and exorcise the devil. You ought to understand these things. Good luck to you!"

Father Lyle smiled at the doctor's words and his attitude. It was symbolic of the attitude of the world to the Church. The priest must come in when the doctor had failed. The idea cheered him, being, as he really was, a very superstitious man.

He found Vera Mijatovitch in the library, writing, as the doctor had predicted. She was not writing to the 'Times,' however, neither was she as violently vituperative as he had been led by the doctor to expect. As a matter of fact, the woman was exceedingly weak, physically and nervously, and her outburst earlier in the day had probably taken a great deal more out of her than she could afford at the present time.

The details of that interview do not much concern us, and it is sufficient to say that, after a very short, and, on the whole, not hostile, conversation, Father Lyle managed to extract a promise from her to stay as the doctor's guest for a week or two, provided that absolute liberty be given her to depart whenever she liked.

"You can walk out of this house now," he said. "No one will stop you; but I should be very sorry and disappointed, because, you see, I have tried to render you a service."

"You have made me a pauper," she retorted fiercely.

"Not at all. I am keeping an exact account of everything I spend, and one day you shall repay me—with interest at five per cent., if you like. Please don't regard me in the light of a philanthropist."

"But you have no security for your outlay," she retorted moodily.

"Only your word," he answered quickly. "A debt of honour is safer than any other, you know."

And so he won her over, despite herself, despite her repugnance to all restraint and her heart-cry, even in her degradation, to be free—free to enslave herself and forge her own bonds.

"Why do you do it?" she asked him almost tremulously, for she was too weak to maintain the fierce, combative spirit long. "What am I to you? There are hundreds of thousands like me—hundreds of thousands all around you. Why did you just pick upon me? Is it because you hope to cast coals of fire upon my head—to dazzle my reason with your human charity, and enslave me in your accursed superstitions, through an appeal to my weak senses? I tell you, if that be your motive, you are wasting your money and your energy. I hate you all—all you priests. You are the world's curse. I refuse to bow before you. I am—I am still myself—free, free to go my own way."

"I know," he said, gently, "only I want you to get quite well first. Come, don't be unfair. Try and forget that I am Patrick Lyle; think of me as—well, as an ordinary man who thinks as you think."

To be continued.

THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S STORY "DOUBLE HARNESS" WILL APPEAR ON SATURDAY.

THE DAILY TIME-SAVER

SIMPLE DISHES.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

- Fish.**
Sole. Turbot. Brill. Whiting. Haddock. Herrings. Smelts. Sprats. Cod. Oysters. Lobsters. Crabs. Red Mullet.
- Game and Poultry.**
Turkeys. Geese. Ducks. Rabbits. Fowls. Pigeons. Plovers. Pheasants. Woodcock. Teal. Snipe. Widgeon. Pintail Duck. Quails. Hares.
- Vegetables.**
Batavia. Beetroot. Cabbages. Asparagus. Artichokes. Carrots. Leeks. Horseradish. Celery. Spinach. Turnip Tops. Salads. Sprue.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

- Oranges. Grapes. Apples. Pineapples. Melons. Grape Fruit. American and Russian Cranberries. Bananas. Lemons. Pomegranates.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

- Blasoms for the Table.**
Red Carnations. Orchids. Lilies of the Valley with their leaves. Mermet Roses. Daffodils. Chrysanthemums. Smilax.
- Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.**
Narcissus. Solanums. Pink Begonias. Crotons. Green Aralias. Maidenhair Ferns.

No. 199.—DUNDEE CAKE.

INGREDIENTS:—Six ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, four eggs, one lemon rind, eight ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sultanas, three ounces of peel, one and a half ounces of almonds.

Line a round cake tin with at least two layers of greased paper. Cream together the butter and sugar. Well whisk the eggs. Sieve together the flour and baking powder, grate the lemon rind on to the flour. Next add the eggs and flour alternately to the butter and sugar. Stir in well. Clean the fruit and chop the peel and half an ounce of the almonds. Mix these together, then add them to the other mixture. Put it into the prepared tin, and over the top sprinkle the rest of the almonds finely shredded. Bake in a moderate oven for about one hour.

Cost 1s. 6d. for about ten portions.

No. 200.—EGG CUTLETS.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pint of good thick white sauce, three raw eggs, seasoning, four hard-boiled eggs, a large tablespoonful of chopped ham or tongue, two teaspoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley, bread crumbs.

See the sauce is nicely seasoned. Make it hot, then stir in two raw yolks. Stir over the fire till the eggs thicken the sauce, but do not let it boil. Then strain into a basin. Lay the hard-boiled eggs, when cooked, in water. Remove the shells, and cut them in small dice. Mix with them the parsley and ham. Add these to the white sauce. Season and mix well and turn on to a dish. Spread evenly over and let it get cold. Then shape into little balls the size of a small egg (hen's), using a little flour to prevent them sticking. Flatten these out into the shape of neat little cutlets. Well beat an egg on a plate. Have ready plenty of white crumbs. Lay each cutlet in the egg. Brush them all over with it, then cover with crumbs. Fry in boiling fat a pretty brown. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot on a lace paper.

Cost 1s. 6d. for nine portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

- BREAKFAST.**
*Egg Cutlets. Baked Slips. Grilled Sausages and Tomatoes. Rolled Tongue. Potted Sprats.

- LUNCH.**
Scotch Broth. Lobster Cutlets. *Macaroni à l'Alasio. Stewed Steak. Chicken Patties. Celery with White Sauce. Indian Eggs. French Pancakes. Cheese Pudding.

- COLD DISHES.**
Pigeon Pie. Spiced Beef. Beef Salad. Scotch Eggs.

- TEA.**
Crumpets. Cress Sandwiches. White Gingerbread. Victoria Sandwich.

- DINNER.**
Soup. Crêpe Soup. Barley Cream Soup. Fish. Soufflé of Fish. Red Mullet à l'Italienne. Entree.

- *Mutton Cutlets à la Zingari. Timbales of Chicken.

- Game.**
Roast Wild Duck. Game Pie.

- Vegetables.**
Welsh Mutton, Redcurrant Jelly. Pigeon and Watercress.

- Potatoes à la Princesse. Brussels Sprouts.

- Sweets.**
Omelette en Surprise. Baked Orange Pudding.

- Savouries.**
Anchovy Straws. Devilled Mushrooms.

- Raspberry Water.**

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

No. 201.—MUTTON CUTLETS A LA ZINGARA.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pounds of best end of neck of mutton, quarter of a pound of larding, bacon, three-quarters of a pint of thick tomato sauce, chopped truffle.

Cut the neck into neat cutlets, and the lard into thin strips of bacon. Next lay them in a little salad oil for five minutes. Grease and heat your grill. Put on the cutlets, and grill them on the unlarded side for four or five minutes, having the larded side uppermost. You will need require about three-quarters of a pint of thick, hot tomato sauce. Spread a little of this sauce over each cutlet, and sprinkle on each a little chopped truffle. Arrange them neatly on a border of mashed potatoes on a hot dish. Thin down water sauce you have left with a little hot stock or water, and pour some round the potato.

Cost 2s. 4d. for eight portions.

No. 202.—MACARONI A L'ALASSIO.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of macaroni, quarter of a pound of Spanish onions, two ounces of butter.

For the Sauce:—One pound of tomatoes, one carrot, one onion, one ounce of bacon or fat pork, black pepper, salt, half a pint of stock, one teaspoonful of cornflour.

Break the macaroni into one-inch lengths, and put in to boil in boiling salted water. Peel and very thinly slice the onions in rings. Next make the tomato sauce. Cut the carrot and onion, after scraping and peeling them, in rings. Cut the bacon in squares, and try it till just getting brown. Add the onion, carrot and sliced tomatoes, and cook over the fire for five minutes, stirring frequently. Pour in the stock, and simmer about twenty minutes, till the vegetables are soft. Rub through a wire or hair sieve, season with salt, and mix with the cornflour. Pour the sauce over the pan. Put in enough rings of onions to cover the bottom part of the pan, and fry a golden brown. Keep hot till all are fried. When the macaroni is cooked and drained, mix it with the fried onions. Season well. Heap in a deep fireproof dish. Pour the tomato sauce all over. Reheat in oven for a few minutes, and serve in the dish.

Cost 1s. 2d. for six portions.

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

DRESS.

A BARGAIN—Widow lady offers privately to sell two guineas Persian blouse, dark green, white silk, new style, new 45s; umbrellas, small-folding, 18-carat gold stamped handles, sacrificial, sacrificial, sacrificial, before payment.—Mrs. Talbot, Upper Brook-street, Manchester.

A HANDSOME rich red costume; trimmed velvet to match; collar, cuffs, white and bordered waistcoat; lined silk; model; 45s. Write 2805, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A SMART black and white snowflake Russian costume, trimmed black and white silk; 21 guineas; 21 10s.—Write 2778, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N. Elegant Model of Havana brown face, 23, 43; lovely mauve colour; 21 guineas; 23, 43; 45.—Write 2748, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N. Elegant black zibeline three-quarter velvet jacket, silk-lined, trimmed emerald velvet and black silk applique; 24 waist; 40s.—Write 2766, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N. Elegant Evening gown in apple green Orient satin, trimmed with black and white trimmings; model, lined silk; 21, 40; 43.—Write 2766, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BARGAIN—Marmot Muff and long Necklet with tails, 8s. 6d.; worth 60s.; caracul Muff and Necklet, 8s. 6d.; approval.—Beatrice, 6, Grafton-square, Clapham.

BARGAIN—New Sealskin Jacket; latest aquatic shape; double-breasted, with revers, storm collar; 17 15s.; approval.—B. B. 43s, Clapham-road.

BEAR Stole, real Russian; very full, rich, black and dark; quite new; 25s.; worth 45s.; Russian knit marmot stole, 45s. 6d.; worth 60s.; approval.—Beatrice, 6, Grafton-square, Clapham.

BEAUTIFUL Evening Gown of French silk, flowered muslin over white glaze; skirt, gauged in three tiers; bodice gauged and trimmed black velvet ribbon and lace; model; 55s.; cost 11 guineas.—Write 2772, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Evening Gown of grey velvet; rich, handsome, long, black collar, black brocade lining; 43 15s.—Write 2790, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL cream cloth collar, covered with lovely Oriental embroidery; stole, cost 31 guineas; accept 25s.—Write 2808, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Picture Hat of black beaver, finest quality; with large black feather, black lace, and lovely ornament; cost 3 guineas; take 20s.—Write 2827, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Evening Toilette of ivory crepe de Chine, crepe de skirt gauged; in rich, gauged flounce and bodice, trimmed French lace; 43 10s.—Write 2832, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Evening Gown of rose pink, silk, frills edged ribbon, corsege draped around chignon; with large black collar; 45s.—Write 2836, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK cloth Travelling or Driving Coat; full length; semi-fitting; lovely collar; and revers of Persian lamb; 25s.—Write 2806, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK voile over glaze skirt, quite good; 19s.; and white china silk blouses, gallings, and lace medallions, 15s.; the same size.—Write 2814, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK sequin-net Coat; quite new; never worn; 21 waist; 12s.—Write 2782, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK silk Grenadine on green glaze foundation; fashionable; 21 waist; 12s.—Write 2780, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING black net Evening Gown; lined glaze; touches of turquoise and blue; skirt, gathered yoke; bodice trimmed real Duchesse de Berlin and blue velvet; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2774, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Evening Gown of rose-pink mousseline de Chine, trimmed with black and white; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2774, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Tea or Dinner Jacket of pale blue and white silk; brocade; handsome; 21 waist; 12s.—Write 2782, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Party Dress for girl about 16; pale pink silk; gauged yoke and sleeves to elbow; gauged; 29s. 6d.; cost 45s.—Write 2810, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING white lace Evening Gown (Charmickers design), mounted over chartrouged satin; Princess style; touches of flame-coloured velvet; new over 10s.—Write 2792, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Afternoon Gown of claret red velvet, plainly made, handsome; lace collar; 23 39s.; 43 39s.—Write 2779, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Silk Theatre Blouse, pale blue, trimmed velvet and lace applique; French model; 24s.; 22 waist.—Write 2842, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COSTUMES; blouses; sealskin jacket; petticoats; underlinen; Turkey hearthrug; also pianoforte (bored); unquestionable extraordinary opportunity.—Leahine, 25, Lere-road, Brighton.

COUNTRY WEAR—Irish frieze Costume; trottier; bound leather; warm lining; tailor-made; 39s.; 24, 37.—Write 2802, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CREAM serge Russian Coat and Skirt, silk lined, strapped glaze, trimmed blue silk; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2799, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CRIMSON serge Coat and Skirt, and Bodice, trimmed black velvet, white satin and handsome applique; silk lined; 43 10s.; 25, 42.—Write 2735, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY Liberty Pelisse of reseda green serge, with granny cape; suit little girl about 8; 12s.; 6d.; outgrown.—Write 2860, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY theatre Blouse of vieux rose surah silk, with dull gold glaze edging and tassels, and tulle of black velvet; nearly new; 25s.; cheap.—Write 2849, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK green Irish frieze Russian Coat and Skirt, tall, black, lined, 45s.—Write 2787, take 45s.—Write 2742, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK blue cloth Cape; lined squirrel; lovely black ribbed skirt; 21 waist.—Write 2787, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ELDERLY lady's black silk velvet semi-fitting jacket, handsomely fitted, lined silk brocade; 27s.—Write 2786, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ELEGANT mauve silk Evening Petticoat, trimmed lace and knots of black velvet; blue ribbon; cost 3 guineas; take 25s.—Write 2783, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAILY BARGAINS. Advertisement Rates 12 words or less 1s. (1d. per word afterwards.)

FANCY Dress Welsh Costume, quite complete, rich material; worn once; 35s. 6d.; medium.—Write 2845, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE pine-green Skirt and basque Coat of grey Irish tweed, facings of grey velvet; West End make; 25, 41; 38s.—Write 2834, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE Winter Costume of dark Harris tweed; short; three-tier skirt; edged emerald velvet; throat coat; silk-lined; lined; 27, 43; 27s. 6d.—Write 2778, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE semi-evening toilette of Black Mousseline de Soie over silk; latest style; touches of red chiffon; 24 waist; 40s.—Write 2770, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE navy blue cloth Gown; a chignon applique and cors lace trimmings; silk lined; 25, 40; nearly new; 42 10s.—Write 2819, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FREE—Lady's dainty cambric Handkerchief, postage penny; illustrated list and samples.—The British Lingerie Company, Oxford-street, London.

FRENCH Corsets of blue silk satin; straight fronts; suspenders; size 20 inches; never worn; take 5s. 6d.; 25s.—Write 2761, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FRENCH Model Gown of peacock-blue and black sequin net over black glaze; cost 15 guineas; take 45s. 6d.—Write 2824, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FURS—Magnificent Alexandra Russian Necklet and Muff, beautiful real Dogskin sable hair; worth 40s.; never worn; 12s. 6d.; approval.—Miss Mabel, 31, Clapham-road.

GRACEFUL Evening Gown, of eau de Nil cashmere, lined quilted satin, shoulder cape; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2824, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GREEN zibeline Costume; pouched bodice, strapped silk; new; 24, 37; 41; 20s.—Write 2804, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GREY tweed Guards' Coat, shoulder cape, piped emerald velvet, lined brocade; 19s.—Write 2815, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME grey Liberty velvet Gown, beautifully trimmed, hand-sewn embroidery; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2824, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME full-length, rich, black satin coat; frills of acorn-pleated chiffon; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2766, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME Opera Coat of black and green silk brocade, trimmed black lace and pleated green chiffon; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2824, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME golden-brown faced cloth Visiting Gown, yoke skirt, rich lace on collar, silk braided ornaments; 20, 45; 55s.—Write 2829, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME cigar-brown Velvet Gown, with petrie cape; plainly made; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2824, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY, who dresses well, is going abroad, and has several smart gowns, etc., for disposal; can be seen in London; slight figures; no dealers.—Write 2719, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY, going abroad, has a beautiful dark blue velvet day gown, by Jay's, for disposal; perfect condition; new this season; cost 30s.; will take 12s.; tall, slight figure.—Write 2780, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY going abroad wishes to dispose of entire wardrobe; will sell very cheap if purchased; the whole; no dealers; stock size.—Write 2830, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LATEST style; black silk mousseline Gown, gauged; French lace insertions, charming; 22, 40; 59s. 6d.—Write 2812, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LATEST style; pink and white frieze Gown; panel skirt, blouse bodice, trimmed gold galon and buttons; 28s.; stock size.—Write 2781, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LIBERTY velvet Gown, sapphire blue, Empire style, lovely trimmings; 25, 42; 43 guineas.—Write 2781, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LITTLE girl's Paletot of pale blue tweed, lined white flannel; outgrown; also navy blue serge; 17s. 6d.; the two.—Write 2785, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LITTLE girl's pleated nuns' veiling Dancing Frock (about 10), pretty yoke of Liberty embroidery; worn over 10s.—Write 2811, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY Demi-Toilette, in ivory ring-spotted net over silk, trimmed beautiful pale and emerald velvet; 21, 40; 40s.—Write 2843, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY demi-toilette Blouse of white pleated silk, with lace bolero, Empire belt with handsome buckle; not sold; 24 waist; 25s. 6d.—Write 2837, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY black and white chiffon Dinner Gown, silver trimmings; French model; cost 15 guineas; take 42 19s.; average figure.—Write 2771, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY black and white cloth Gown; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2778, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY brown-face cloth Costume, hand-made; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2778, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY terry-cotta Gown; skirt lined silk; bodice trimmed Turkish embroidery; worn three times; 8 guineas; take 43 10s.; 40, 22.—Write 2781, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MOURNING—An exquisite Dinner Gown of rose-pink chiffon over silk; beautiful pearl and silver trimmings; worn twice; medium; 45 5s.; cost double.—Write 2791, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NAVY SERGE, Real, from 1s. 5d. yard. Wonderful value, patterns free.—Cracknell, 2832, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NEWMARKET Costumes in brown cloth, tailor-made; quite good; stock figure; 25s.—Write 2823, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NORFOLK Coat and Skirt, lined silk, moiré, smartly made by West End tailor; 35s.—Write 2839, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

OUTDOOR Costume with bodice to match, semi-cas, coat, lined silk, strapped seams; 25s.; 22 39s.—Write 2741, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new French model Gown, black chiffon over pink silk; trimmed lovely embroidery, lace, and pink-pleated daisies; cost 22 guineas; take 43 10s.—Write 2793, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DIETTY blue silk gauze Dance Dress, flounce with little knots velvet ribbon, black velvet latten; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2736, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Walking Costume of smooth-faced petunia cloth; up-to-date design; good; 25s.; 22 39s.—Write 2835, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Visiting Gown of pile-finished cloth, lined, inverted pleated skirt, trimmed silk and galon; 22, 39 26s.—Write 2831, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy blue hopping-stance Costume, basque, silk lined; hat, Louise, blouse, and petticoat to correspond; all quite new; 21; four guineas (mourning)—Write 714, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART box cloth fawn Empire Coat, beautifully strapped and stitched; silk lined; 20s.—Write 2836, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART purple coloured cloth Coat, moiré style; Oriental trimmings and cords; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2784, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART red-brown Russian Costume, double handkerchief cape, strapped material; 21; 30s.—Write 2818, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SOCIETY Lady, tall, slim figure, wishes to dispose of some smart gowns (evening and visiting) and blouses; reasonable prices.—Write 2836, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STONE Martin long Stole, choice quality, with real tails, centre, and ends; cost 18s. 6d.; accept 68s. 6d.; approval.—Lady B. 80s, Stockwell-road, S.W.

STYLISH green tulle-tailored Russian Coat and Skirt, new sleeve, trimmed handsome applique embroidery; 24, 41; 39s.—Write 2737, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH acorn-pleated pale blue silk Tea-gown; trimmed rich lace; Empire shape; cost 75s.; take 42 10s.—Write 2800, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH brown serge three-quarter Coat and short Skirt; well-made; quite good; 23, 39; 25s.—Write 2785, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH grey Melton cloth belted Coat and Skirt; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2790, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH pastel-blue outdoor Costume; bolero coat, long skirt, silk blouse to match; 45s.; average.—Write 2777, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH Opera Coat of pale grey face cloth, lovely chinchilla and lace pelurine cape; lined brocade; cost 12s.; accept 45 10s.—Write 2765, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH pale grey cloth Gown; white herding-toned; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2816, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH bottle-green Harris tweed trottier with longy; quite good; 24 waist; 40s.—Write 2824, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SUPERIOR brown glaze silk Blouse, immense quantity of cut trimmings; 43 39s.—Write 2744, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TAILOR-MADE Newmarket Costume of dark blue cloth, perfect cut; not suit owner; scarcely worn; 59s. 6d.—Write 2780, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TAILOR-MADE Skirts.—Please bear in mind these are actually tailor-made, and to ladies' own measurements; 14 and 15 style beyond reproach; prices 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Let us convince you. Let us send you copies of testimonials from people who cannot understand how we do it. Lovely patterns and particulars free. Rivington, Bedford.

THREE Nightdresses; quite new; beautiful quality; silk and wool, trimmed real tulle and smoking; cost 15s. 6d., each, accept 55s.; the three.—Write 2801, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TROTTOIR Costume; iron grey frieze; inverted pleated skirt, silk-lined coat, strapped cloth; 25, 39; 22s.—Write 2761, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

"TROTTOIR" costume of Fingall tweed, smartly made by West End tailor; belted coat, silk-lined; 24, 39; 28s. 6d.—Write 2788, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy and white cloth Costume; white N cloth facings to three-quarter coat; short skirt; 25s.—Write 2749, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART fawn cloth Winter Coat, three N shoulder caps, lined squirrel; new last winter; 55s.—Write 2740, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART fawn cloth Winter Coat, three N shoulder caps, lined squirrel; new last winter; 55s.—Write 2740, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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SMART fawn cloth Winter Coat, three N shoulder caps, lined squirrel; new last winter; 55s.—Write 2740, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART fawn cloth Winter Coat, three N shoulder caps, lined squirrel; new last winter; 55s.—Write 2740, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Breton Sailor Hat, stylishly trimmed; fancy silk seat, and velvet, 5s. 6d.—Write 2784, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Parisian Coat and Skirt, dark blue silk, lined, trimmed velvet and lace; 55s.; 22, 40.—Write 2747, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART semi-evening black taffets Gown, lace insertions, black tulle, 25s.—Write 2747, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART red serge three-quarter Coat and Skirt, with silk blouse to match; quite fashionable; scarcely worn; 23, 40; 29s. 6d.—Write 2767, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy blue serge belted Coat and short pleated skirt; Oriental galon; silk-lined; 25, 30; 35s.—Write 2709, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART black canvas over black glaze bolero Costume; trimmed strapped black glaze; 25s.—Write 2775, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART fawn canvas bolero Costume; lined silk; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2767, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Walking Costume of smooth-faced petunia cloth; up-to-date design; good; 25s.; 22 39s.—Write 2835, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Visiting Gown of pile-finished cloth, lined, inverted pleated skirt, trimmed silk and galon; 22, 39 26s.—Write 2831, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy blue hopping-stance Costume, basque, silk lined; hat, Louise, blouse, and petticoat to correspond; all quite new; 21; four guineas (mourning)—Write 714, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART box cloth fawn Empire Coat, beautifully strapped and stitched; silk lined; 20s.—Write 2836, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART purple coloured cloth Coat, moiré style; Oriental trimmings and cords; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2784, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART red-brown Russian Costume, double handkerchief cape, strapped material; 21; 30s.—Write 2818, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SOCIETY Lady, tall, slim figure, wishes to dispose of some smart gowns (evening and visiting) and blouses; reasonable prices.—Write 2836, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STONE Martin long Stole, choice quality, with real tails, centre, and ends; cost 18s. 6d.; accept 68s. 6d.; approval.—Lady B. 80s, Stockwell-road, S.W.

STYLISH green tulle-tailored Russian Coat and Skirt, new sleeve, trimmed handsome applique embroidery; 24, 41; 39s.—Write 2737, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH acorn-pleated pale blue silk Tea-gown; trimmed rich lace; Empire shape; cost 75s.; take 42 10s.—Write 2800, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH brown serge three-quarter Coat and short Skirt; well-made; quite good; 23, 39; 25s.—Write 2785, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH grey Melton cloth belted Coat and Skirt; 21 waist; 40s.—Write 2790, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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